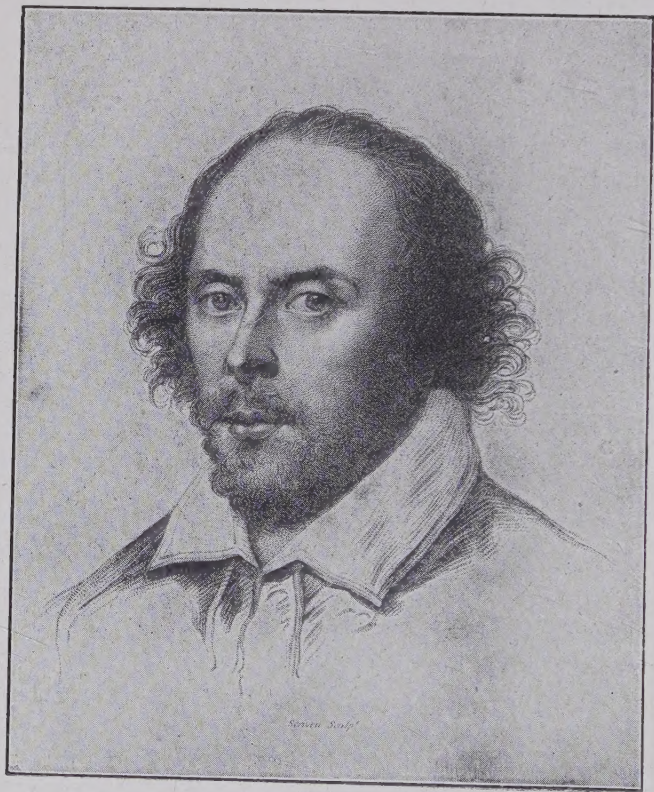


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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Copp Clark Literature Series

No. 33

SHAKESPEARE'S THE TEMPEST

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

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INTRODUCTION

The Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on April 23rd, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was, in early life, a prosperous citizen of Stratford; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Warwickshire. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, Shakespeare probably attended the Stratford Grammar School, where, among other things, he received some training in Latin. In the year 1582, before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a woman who was some eight years his senior. Two of their children, Susanna and Judith, married, but only one of Shakespeare's grand-children reached maturity, and with her death in 1669 or 1670 the poet's family became extinct.

About the year 1586, Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, where he appears to have obtained employment in some capacity in connection with the London theatres. About 1588 he began making over old plays, and in 1590 he probably wrote his first original drama. During the next twenty years, from 1590 to 1610, he produced play after play, and there is abundant evidence to show the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In 1594 he was a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. When the Globe theatre was built in 1599, Shakespeare was one of the chief shareholders, and most of his plays were acted in this theatre.

In the meantime he had begun to acquire property in Stratford. In 1597 he had purchased the fine residence known as New Place, and from this time forward he appears to have looked more and more to Stratford as his home. About the year 1610 or 1611, he left London and returned to Stratford with the apparent intention of living in ease and retirement on the competence which he had accumulated. A few years later, however, his health failed, and he died in April, 1616, in his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford.

Shakespeare's literary career is generally, for the sake of convenience, divided into four periods, according to the character of the plays which he produced:

(a) 1588-1594. This is largely a period of apprenticeship. To this period belong, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Richard III.*, and possibly *Romeo and Juliet*.

(b) 1594-1600. During this period most of the great comedies and the English historical plays were produced. To this period belong, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*

(c) 1600-1606. During this period most of the great tragedies were produced. To this period belong to *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*.

(d) 1606-1612. This is a period of later tragedy and of serious comedy. To this period belong, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale*.

Shakespeare himself took no pains to preserve his plays in permanent form. In all only fifteen of his plays were printed during his lifetime. In 1623, however, seven years after his death, a complete collection of his plays, thirty-six in all, were published in what is known as *The Folio of 1623*.

NOTE.—A folio page is about the size of an ordinary page of foolscap (about 13" x 8½"), formed by folding the printer's sheet of paper once. When the printer's sheet is divided into four parts, the size of page is known as *quarto*; when divided into eight parts it is *octavo*; when divided into twelve parts it is *duodecimo*. The plays which were printed during Shakespeare's lifetime were published in quarto volumes, as distinguished from the later folios.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

The first theatre in London was built in 1576, and was known as *The Theatre*. Both this and other theatres which followed, *The Curtain*, *The Globe*, *Blackfriars*, and others, were built outside the city limits in order to escape the restrictions which were placed on the theatre by the Puritans. Most of the theatres were frame structures which were open to the sky, the only roofed part being the stage, or, at most, the raised seats next the walls. The better class of people occupied seats in the boxes overlooking the stage, or sat on stools or reclined on the rushes on the floor of the stage itself. The floor of the pit was merely hard earth, and it was not provided with seats. The admission to the pit was only a penny, and here the rabble crowded together, jostled each other, cracked nuts, ate apples, and laughed and joked and made sport of the actors.

The performance of the play began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and usually lasted two or three hours. The stage was hung with black

to indicate tragedy, and with blue to indicate comedy. There was no curtain to mark the opening and closing of the scenes, and beyond a few simple articles of furniture, no scenery of any account was used. At the back of the stage was a sort of gallery or balcony, which served the purpose of an upper room, or any place which was raised above the level of the ordinary scene. A change of place was indicated by a board with the name painted on it, as, London, Venice, Rome, Sardis. A light blue flag was used to indicate a day scene,—a dark flag to indicate a night scene. The women's parts in the play were acted by boys, and women did not appear even among the audience unless they wore masks. It was not until after the Restoration, that movable stage scenery was introduced, and that female parts were acted by women.

The Metre of Shakespeare's Plays.

The plays of Shakespeare are written in blank verse, that is, verse in which the lines do not rhyme. Each line contains five feet, consisting of two syllables each, with the accent falling on the second syllable. This measure is known as *iambic pentameter*.

When we mark the divisions between feet and indicate the accents in a line of poetry, we are said to *scan* it. Where the metre is perfectly regular, the scansion presents no difficulty; but very frequently the poet finds it necessary to vary his metre, either for the sake of avoiding monotony or for the purpose of producing certain special effects. The following are the most important of the variations which occur in the metre of Shakespeare:

(a) Sometimes, especially after a pause, the accent falls upon the first syllable instead of the second, as, for example:

Wo'e to / the ha'nd / that sh'ed / this co'st/ly blo'od !
What ju'dg/ment sh'all / I dre'ad, / d'oi'ng / no wro'ng ?

(b) An extra syllable is frequently added, especially at the end of a line, as, for example:

Art th'ou / some g'od, / some a'n/gel o'r / some de'v'il ?
It dr'op/peth a's / the ge'n/tle ra'in / from he'av/en.

(c) Sometimes a foot contains two unaccented syllables, as, for example, in the following lines:

I am ne'v'er m'er/ry wh'en / I he'ar / sweet m'u/sic ;
Let me s'ee, / let me s'ee, / was n'ot / the lea'f / turn'd down ?

In many cases, however, one of the unaccented syllables is elided, or slurred over in reading, as, for example, in the following :

Canst tho'u / not m'in/(i)ster t'o / a mi'nd / dise'ased ?
 We'll se'nd / Mark A'n / t(o)ny t'o / the Se'n/ate-ho'usc.
 Macb'eth / doth m'urder sle'ep, / the i'n/n(o)cent sle'ep.

(d) Certain groups of letters which are now pronounced as one syllable, are sometimes pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare, as, for example, in the following :

The noble Brutus
 Hath to'ld / you Ca'es/ar wa's / amb'it/i-o'us.
 Misli'ke / me n'ot / for m'y / comple'x/i-o'n.

(e) It frequently happens that among the accented syllables in a line of poetry some have a stronger stress than others ; and in order to scan a line, it is sometimes necessary to accent words which according to the sense have no stress, as, for example, in the case of the italicized words in the following :

Throw phy's/ic to' / the do'gs ; / I'll no'ne / of i't !
 There i's / a ti'de / in th'e / affa'irs / of me'n.

Rhyme is used by Shakespeare chiefly for the purpose of giving emphasis to those lines in which the speaker expresses a purpose or decision, and it very frequently marks the close of a scene. Shakespeare used rhyme much more freely in his earlier than in his later plays.

Prose. Shakespeare makes use of prose in his plays wherever the characters belong to a lower level of society, as, for example, the citizens in *Julius Cæsar*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, in *The Merchant of Venice*. Prose is also used in letters, as, for example, that of Bellario in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for rhetorical speeches, as in the case of the paper of Artemidorus and the oration of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. Sometimes also, prose is used for the purpose of producing a special dramatic effect, as in the case of Casca's assumed bluntness of manner in *Julius Cæsar* ; and in the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where Shylock is "tortured" by Tubal ; and in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*.

THE TEMPEST

The Date of the Play

The Tempest was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and it was probably written in 1610 or 1611. It cannot have been written before 1603, for it contains a passage (Act II, Sc. 2, ll. 144-161) that is based upon Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was not published until 1603. It is known, on the other hand, that *The Tempest* was one of the plays that were acted at court on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, in 1613, and it is possible that the play was written especially for these festivities. There is, furthermore, an evident reference to *The Tempest* in the introduction to *Bartholomew Fair*, a play by Ben Jonson, which was acted in October, 1614.

It is probable, however, that the play was written two or three years previous to this, for there are some features of the plot which appear to have been suggested by certain events which took place in the years 1609 and 1610. In the year 1609 a fleet of nine vessels under command of Sir George Somers set sail for the newly-founded colony of Virginia. They were, however, overtaken by a storm, and two of the vessels were wrecked off the Bermudas. When the news of the shipwreck reached England, those aboard the vessels were given up for lost. But they had succeeded in reaching shore, and during the next year they constructed new vessels and were at length able to return to England. In the meantime the circumstances of the shipwreck had been the subject of much discussion; and so great was the interest taken in the event that in the autumn of 1610, a tract entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, was published by one of the survivors of the shipwreck. It is probable that Shakespeare read this tract, and that he wrote *The Tempest* at the close of the year 1610 or early in 1611, while the shipwreck was still a topic of general conversation. The mention of "the still-vext Bermoothes", in the play, is, no doubt, an echo of the general interest in the Bermudas.

Besides these external evidences as to the date of the play, the general character of the style and metre points to its being one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays. The expression is condensed, after the manner of the later plays, and every word and phrase is significant. It appears almost as if the mind of the dramatist works too quickly for the language at his disposal, so charged with meaning is the poet's verse. And furthermore the absence of rhyme and the prevalence of run-on lines and of weak endings and feminine endings mark *The Tempest* as one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays.

The Source of the Plot

In writing his plays it was customary for Shakespeare to take the outline of some old story, —romance, or history, or early chronicle, and fashion it into a drama, and in most cases the original sources of his plays can be traced. But it is not known from what sources he drew the materials for *The Tempest*. In its main features the plot resembles that of *The Fair Sidea*, a German play written by a playwright named Jacob Ayrer, of Nuremburg, who died in 1605; and it is possible that Shakespeare got the outline of his plot from this play, but it is more probable that he and Ayrer both found the materials for their plots in some older romance which has since been lost.

The Scene of the Action

In the stage directions, the scene of the action is described merely as "an island". This island is presumably somewhere in the Mediterranean, for Prospero and Miranda had been carried thither from Italy by the waves, when set adrift in an open boat; and after the shipwreck of Alonzo and his companions, Ariel reports that the remainder of the vessels were,

"Upon the Mediterranean flote

Bound sadly home for Naples."

Critics have tried to identify it with this island or that, but in reality it did not exist as an actual island, outside of the poet's imagination. If it were an actual island whose geographical location were known, the play would at once lose much of its charm. It is because it is an unknown and uncharted "desolate isle" that we are able without question to give ourselves over to its magic. We may still cherish the delusion that this enchanted isle does exist, if we

could but find it, and that it is still haunted by spirits such as Ariel or monsters such as Sycorax or Caliban. Along its shores are "deep nooks" where ships may ride at anchor, and rocks where the sea-mells build and breed; it is wooded with pine and oak, with patches of toothed briars and sharp furzes and pricking gorse and thorns, and in the woods are wolves and "ever-angry bears," and here you may see "the nimble marmoset." There are brooks, too, with fresh-water mussels, and there are brine pits, and fresh springs which only Caliban can find; and "the isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not." It is such an isle as exists only in a poet's dreams.

General Character of the Play

The Tempest is one of the group of Shakespeare's plays that are sometimes described as "serious comedies" or "romances," and which belong to the last period of his career. This group includes four plays: *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. These plays end happily, and in this respect they are comedies; but the main plot, in each case, is serious, even painful, in tone. *The Tempest* is a story of treachery, and separation, and final forgiveness and reconciliation.

But looked at from another point of view, *The Tempest* is one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. Whether or not it was written especially for the wedding festivities of the Princess Elizabeth, it is full of poetry and music and pageantry that made it especially appropriate for presentation on such an occasion. It has indeed more of the characteristics of a masque than of a play proper. A masque is usually short, and *The Tempest* is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays. In the masque, the main interest lies in songs and dances and costumes, rather than in the development of character and plot. It is an entertainment, a "show," rather than a drama. *The Tempest* answers this description. It depends largely on its music, its songs and solemn airs, for its charm, and there is in the play a succession of picturesque scenes and incidents that appeal to both ear and eye.

Some critics contend that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare wished to illustrate the idea that true liberty consists in service, and they justify their point of view by reference especially to the parts played by Ariel and Caliban, and by Gonzalo and Ferdinand. There are others who believe that Shakespeare intended to enforce the idea of

the supremacy of law, as personified in Prospero; and there are still others who claim that the dramatist wished to show that "the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance," and that forgiveness is a nobler end than mere revenge. But it is not probable that Shakespeare had any thought of teaching a lesson or embodying any moral in the play; or, at most, the moral teaching is merely incidental. The main purpose of the play is not to teach a lesson, but to charm and entertain.

Structure of the Play

The structure of *The Tempest* is of the same general character as that of Shakespeare's other plays. In the first Act the foundation of the plot is laid, and the important characters of the play are introduced. There are two main groups of characters, those associated with Prospero, and those associated with Alonzo; and even before the close of Act I these two groups are linked, in the persons of Miranda and Ferdinand.

In Acts II and III the plot is rapidly developed. Antonio and Sebastian conspire against Alonzo, but are prevented from carrying out their designs. At the same time Caliban also conspires against Prospero. The third scene of Act III may be regarded as the dramatic centre of the play, and the entrance of Prospero, invisible, marks the turning-point in the action. From this time forward all things contribute to thwart the designs of the conspirators and to bring home to them a realization of their crimes. Act III is also the centre of the love-interest in the play. At the close of a charming idyllic love-scene, Ferdinand and Miranda are betrothed, and Prospero declares that his rejoicing "at nothing can be more."

Act IV contributes little to the actual development of the plot, but it is rich in poetic effect. Act V closes appropriately with the reconciliation of Alonzo and Prospero, the restoration of Prospero's dukedom, and freedom for Ariel and Caliban.

The Dramatic Unities

In general, all plays fall into two main classes, classical and romantic. One of the features that distinguishes the classical play is the observance of what are known as the Unities of Time, Place, and Action. In the romantic drama the action may extend over a long period of time. In *The Merchant of Venice*, for instance, it covers more than three months. But in the classical drama the

action is supposed to be limited to the actual time of presenting the play,—that is, two or three hours; frequently, however, it covers a period of from one to three days. In the romantic drama, too, the events of a single play sometimes take place in scenes widely separated. In *Julius Caesar*, for instance, the scene shifts from Rome to Sardis in Asia Minor and thence to Philippi. But in the classical drama the scene does not change. Furthermore in the romantic drama a number of stories or episodes are sometimes woven together into a single plot, and the audience are interested in the development of each of these stories; but in the classical drama there is only one source of interest and there are no sub-plots. The first of these three principles is the unity of Time, the second is the unity of Place, and the third is the unity of Action.

In its general character *The Tempest* is a romantic drama,—in its warmth of tone and its colour, in its picturesqueness of scene and character, in its magic and music and pageantry; but it resembles the classical drama inasmuch as it observes the dramatic unities. The action occupies a period of only four hours; the scenes, aside from the shipwreck, are all placed on Prospero's island, at or near his cell; and everything in the play is related to the one central motive,—Prospero's use of magic to attain his ends.

Sources of Interest

In most plays the chief interest lies in the development of plot and the portrayal of character. But in *The Tempest* the interest in the plot is slight; and though there are a variety of unusual characters in the play, they have little freedom of action, and there are few situations in which their qualities of character are put to any serious test. And yet in spite of these limitations, even to a twentieth century audience *The Tempest* is a fascinating play. This fascination is due in part to the mere externals of the play, those features of the drama that appeal to eye and ear. There is, to begin with, something fascinating in the strange medley of characters that pass over the stage, figures so diverse as the boatswain and Caliban and "great Juno," and the "delicate Ariel" and the young Prince Ferdinand, all "properly habited" in appropriate costume. With each change of scene there appear new charms and enchantments,—songs and solemn music and mysterious shapes that "dance with mocks and mows"; and even such minor episodes as the game

of chess, and the hounds in pursuit of the three drunken rogues, contribute, each in its own way, to the fascination of the play.

But there is, besides, something in the spirit of the play, a sense of the mysterious and the romantic, that appeals very strongly to the imagination. "It is the mystery of the unknown that fascinates us," and in *The Tempest* the audience can never escape from this mystery. Behind the magic of Prospero there lies the great unexplored realm of spiritual influences and spiritual presences which holds us under its spell; and when Prospero tells us that he has "bedimmed the noontide sun" and that graves at his command "have waked their sleepers, oped and let them forth," we are already half-persuaded that his words may in reality be true. There is, moreover, in *The Tempest* the atmosphere of Elizabethan travel and adventure, which gave not only to the play but to the very life of the time an element of romance. To the play-going Elizabethan, the shipwreck of Alonzo and the adventures of Prospero on his desolate isle were no stranger than the tales of returning travellers, the "putters-out of five for one", who are the subjects of Shakespeare's ready humour.

In a number of his other plays, Shakespeare employs certain well-known dramatic devices, or principles, in order to hold the interest of his audience,—suspense, dramatic irony, nemesis, the oracular, the supernatural; but in *The Tempest*, aside from his employment of the supernatural in the form of magic, he makes so little use of these dramatic agencies that they do not require any special consideration.

The Important Characters in the Play

Prospero. Prospero overshadows all the other characters in the play. Shakespeare, no doubt, meant to portray in him a wise, self-controlled, benevolent-minded man, who is able through his magic art to shape the destinies of others. His study of magic has a direct bearing upon the events of his life. It was the cause of his misfortunes, for so rapt was he in his "secret studies" that he neglected his duties as ruler of his dukedom, and gave his treacherous brother the opportunity to usurp his authority. But it was through his study of magic also that he was able, in the end, to effect his deliverance. When he was cast adrift, his faithful friend Gonzalo provided him with books so that he might pursue his studies; and he became at length so much the master of his art

that he was able to control the elements at his will,—to pluck up the pine and cedar by the spurs, and shake “the strong-based promontory”, and even to open graves and call their sleepers forth. His command of magic gave him the means of avenging himself on those who had wronged him, had he willed to use it; but his studies and his own experience of life have brought with them a breadth of view and a sanity of purpose, and he uses his power after the manner of a benign Providence, for the well-being of others. His chief thought is for Miranda,—for her education and her happiness. He shows his gratitude to Gonzalo; and to Alonzo he brings conviction of his wrong-doing. Antonio is too hardened in his evil designs to show any repentance; but he is at least forced to restore his brother’s dukedom. But Prospero cares little for worldly power, and he declares his purpose to abjure “this rough magic”, and to give himself up, for the remainder of his days, to serious meditation. To an Elizabethan audience this declaration must have come with a sense of relief; for in the popular mind, to study magic was to be in league with the powers of darkness, and for Prospero there could be no hope of salvation until he renounced it.

Miranda. Miranda has been brought up since infancy on a desolate island, with only the companionship of her father. Through these years of early childhood Prospero himself has been her school-master, and she has been nurtured with greater care than other princesses,

“that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful”.

She appears in the play as a gentle, innocent girl, with a heart full of pity for the sufferings of others. Her outstanding quality is her unspoiled simplicity, and her natural modesty is “the jewel in her dower”. She is loyal to her father, even when he appears to be harsh and unkind; and the scene in which her love for Ferdinand comes into conflict with her sense of duty to her father, is one of the most charming in the play. To Ferdinand, when he first sees her, she appears to be a goddess, and to him she is indeed,

“The top of admiration! worth

What’s dearest in the world”.

Ferdinand. As for Ferdinand, it is sufficient that Prospero approves of him and thinks him worthy of Miranda. To Prospero, Ferdinand is “a goodly person”, and Miranda describes him as “a

thing divine". He is young, handsome, and spirited, yet simple and modest in his demeanour. In gentleness of breeding and disposition he is the masculine counterpart of Miranda, and their love is, in the words of Prospero, a "fair encounter of two most rare affections".

Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian. During the first half of the play, Alonzo appears to be overcome with grief for the loss of his son, and he is inconsolable. In Act III when Ariel denounces the "three men of sin" as being "most unfit to live", Alonzo is conscience-stricken, and is convinced that the loss of Ferdinand is a punishment for his "trespass". He is the only one of the three who is repentant; and he shares with Prospero in the general rejoicing in the happiness of Ferdinand and Miranda, at the close of the play.

Of the two arch-villains, Antonio and Sebastian, there is little to be said. Not satisfied with having usurped the dukedom of his brother, Antonio now seeks to free himself from subjection to the king of Naples, and he easily persuades Sebastian to join with him in the attempt to murder Alonzo and Gonzalo. The attempt fails, and he is scathingly rebuked by Prospero, and is forced to renounce his dukedom. This is the only punishment that is meted out to him; but neither he nor Sebastian expresses either regret at their wrongdoing or gratitude to Prospero for having spared them the punishment that they deserve.

Gonzalo. Gonzalo is a shrewd, kindly-intentioned old counsellor, with a sense of humour, and with sufficient wit to hold his own in his encounter with Antonio and Sebastian. He is of a philosophic turn of mind, and like most counsellors, he is in danger of becoming prosy at times. But his kindly disposition helps to soften the harsher scenes in the play and takes the edge off the bitterness that might otherwise enter into it.

Stephano and Trinculo. Stephano and Trinculo are the "clowns" who supply the comic element in the play. There is nothing subtle in their humour; it is merely an exhibition of foolishness which is due to their having had recourse to Stephano's bottle, but it relieves the tension of the serious situations in the play. At the same time the two clowns serve as foils for Caliban, and the untutored savage appears to advantage when seen in contrast with his two weak-minded and inconstant associates.

Caliban. Caliban and Ariel represent two extremes of intelligence. Caliban is "a credulous monster", who possesses only a rudimentary power of reasoning. His desires are those of the mere animal, and his highest idea of service is to satisfy the purely physical needs, to dig for pig-nuts, and gather filberts, and seek out the places where the "quick freshes" are. Like Ariel, he cannot endure restraint, and he performs his service to Prospero grudgingly. He is not immoral, but is without moral sense, a creature "on whose nature nurture can never stick." He is moved by fear of physical pain, of being filled full of "pinches" and racked with "aged cramps", rather than by any sense of duty or feeling of gratitude. And yet, as contrasted with Stephano and Trinculo he possesses certain rudimentary virtues. He knows that the glistening apparel which is set out as a "stale to catch these thieves", is but trash, and he will have none of it; and when his companions fall into the trap laid by Prospero, he still persists in his purpose. There is, too, in the speech of Caliban a sort of rude picturesqueness, a touch of poetry, which shows that he has something in his nature which is responsive to beauty. When he takes Stephano for his king he is under the influence of the "celestial liquor" in Stephano's bottle; but in the end, even with his untutored intelligence, he realizes his error, and his last speech, addressed to Prospero, shows that he still possesses some power of understanding:

"I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!"

Ariel. Ariel, as the name signifies, is the spirit of the air,—light, delicate, ethereal, full of grace and charm. He is able to go where he wishes,

"be it to fly
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds",

and can become visible or invisible at his will. Music is his element—the music of the air,—whether it be a song, or a solemn air, or a fairy tune on pipe or tabor. In his disposition he is but a child, with a child's delight in the prospect of freedom and of play, and something, too, of a child's propensity for mischief. More than once in the play he takes an impish delight in teasing, and even

tormenting, those who are left in his charge. Except for the service that he must render to Prospero, he is as irresponsible as a child:

“Merrily merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough”.

At the same time he is not without affection and sympathy for the human beings with whom he is forced to associate; and, in turn, he awakens sympathy in them, for when Prospero finally gives him his freedom, there is a touching note of affection in his voice:

“My Ariel—chick—

This is thy charge; then to the elements

Be free, and fare thee well!”

It is with these lines that the play closes.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, king of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the right duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } presented by spirits.
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea; an island.*

THE TEMPEST

ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners; fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

Enter MARINERS

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below. 10

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. 'Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain. -

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with mai n-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather, or our office. 36

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art. 43

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold! a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off

Enter Mariners, wet

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. 51

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within*—"Mercy on us!
We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"
"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze,
any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain
die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Island; before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So;
[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."—

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not 40
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or blessèd was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time, 70
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who 80
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having, into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties 110
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
So dry he was for sway, wi' the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O, the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition. 120
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's, without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench; 139
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O! a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me; the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, then like reeds, not hair,
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here!"

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Air. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari.

Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vest Bermoothes, there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;

230

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

Pros.

Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What is the time o' the day?

Ari.

Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and
now

240

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros.

How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari.

My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? No more!

Ari.

I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? has thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me. 260

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. - Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This foul witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,

Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died, 279
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for her son,
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou has howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do? 300

Pros. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,

And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou has slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee;
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd 320
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall for that vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, 330
Which thou takest from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, 340
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 349
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly 360
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!
Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave, hence!
[*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S Song

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist: 370
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

Burthen, (dispersedly). Bow, wow.

Ari. The watch-dogs bark:

Burthen (dispersedly). Bow, wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the
earth? 380

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made; 390
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[Burthen: Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them, Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me. 400

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form: but 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him 410
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O, you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir; 420
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep; myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy! 429

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pros. [Aside] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[To *Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin, 440
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir: one word more.—
[Aside] They are both in either's powers, but this swift
business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [To *Fer.*] One word more: I
charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man. 449

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. [To *Fer.*] Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer.

No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.]

Mir.

O, dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for 460
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros.

What, I say,

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir.

Beseech you, father!

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir.

Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pros.

Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? Hush! 470

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir.

My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros.

[To Fer.] Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer.

So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up!

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, 480

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.Thou hast done well, fine Ariel. [*To Fer.*] Follow me.[*To Ariel*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.*Mir.*

Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted 490

Which now came from him.

Pros.

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do

All points of my command.

Ari.

To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. [*To Mir.*] Speak not for him.[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.**Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,
*and others**Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken
truer than you purposed. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first
begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock. 30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done! The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and most inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss't. 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. 50

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are. 58

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well
in our return!

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a para-
gon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! A pox o' that! How came that widow
in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of
that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis. 80

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp;
he hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring
forth more islands. 90

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem
now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day
I wore it? I mean, in a sort. 100

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live; 110
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he 's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African; 122
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your
son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making 130

Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,— 140

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil: 150
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance, 160
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh
at nothing. 171

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing
to you so you may continue, and laugh at nothing
still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would con-
tinue in it five weeks without changing. 180

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it: 190
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:— 201
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep.

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, 210
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish 220
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,— 230
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he 's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me, 240
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis: 251
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!" Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily 260
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men. 270

Seb. But, for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus, 280
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together: 290

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[They talk apart.]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware. 300
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels

Preserve the king! *[They wake.]*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear; 310
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts! 320
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
[*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs which 10
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!

Enter TRINCULO

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. 17

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear
it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.
If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall
by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish?
dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as
once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-
fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would
this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes
a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'
my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no
longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately
suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm
is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaber-
dine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints
a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till
the dregs of the storm be past. 40

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*] The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go, hang;" 50
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground": and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at's nostrils. 61

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster. 70

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling; now Prosper works upon thee. 79

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: Oh! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth. 92

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo. 99

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs! if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How camest thou here?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped! 109

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? how camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 119

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 130

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! a very weak monster. The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 141

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;—
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 150

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink; an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard. 160

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN sings drunkenly.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

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Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

CALIBAN sings.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;—
 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
 Has a new master: get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day! freedom! freedom, hey-
 day, freedom! 180

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd;
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
 Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget:
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
 Most busy least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it. [*Aside.*

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration! worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir.

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own: nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer.

I am in my condition

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;— 60
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir.

Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! 91

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*]

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good mooncalf. 21

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster! I am in case to jostle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish, thou,

was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
30

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.
40

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.
50

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. [*To Cal.*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou darest; But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head. 60

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll
turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of
thee. 70

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go farther
off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trinculo.*] As
you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and
hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and
drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil
take your fingers! 80

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand
farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, 90
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she; 100
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo
and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. 110

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. [*Aside.*] This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em;

Scout 'em and flout 'em;

120

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy
upon us!

130

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

140

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out
of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation, and inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.

Enter PROSPERO.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island,— 30
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside.] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40

They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, 50
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings
upon the table, and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alonso, Sebastian, &c., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows 61

Are ministers of Fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable; if you could hurt,
Yours swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three 70
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft: and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 81
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again
and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

Pros. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up 90

In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass. 100
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy 109
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S Cell.**Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pros. If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her. 10

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble, 20
O'er whom I gave thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion: for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come" and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "So, so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow. 30
Do you love me master? No?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Come; bring a
corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms, 40
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 50

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers

Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest lovers.

60

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid; I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
 Dove-drawn with her.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

70

Enter JUNO

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
 And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garners never empty;
 Vines, with clustering bunches growing, 80
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever; 90
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

Pros. Sweet, now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late. 100

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited; they join with the NYMPHS in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid;
no more! 110

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, 120
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk, 130
To still my beating mind.

Fer. }
Mir. } We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel;
come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say, again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air 140
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell, 150
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all, 160
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaded with glistening apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may
not

Hear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.
Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure
against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to 170
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this
is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour. 179

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano! 191

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff. 199

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for 't; wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest. 211

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey! 220

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service.

230

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; 10
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo";
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall. 20
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel; 30
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid 40
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL before: then, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60
For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70

Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian—

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide [Aside.

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore 81

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [Exit Ariel.

I will discase me, and myself present

As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;

Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sing and helps to attire him

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer, merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place; 100

And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit Ariel.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends, all!
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son, Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I wish 150
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke 159
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye, 170
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer.

No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

[*Ferdinand kneels to Alonso.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That hath such people in 't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that 's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To *Fer. and Mir.*] Give me you hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir; here is more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? 220

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside.] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep, 230
And—how, we know not—all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside.] Was't well done? 240

Pros. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. [Aside.] This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod:

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—

Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful, 250
And think of each thing well. [*Aside.*] Come hither,
spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio,
bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha! ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
They say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power. 271
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to: away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. 300

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away: the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents gone by
 Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

310

Alon. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ariel.*] My Ariel,
 chick,

That is thy charge; then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near. 319

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE, spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own;
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,

10

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

NOTES

ACT I.—SCENE I.

It is an unusual thing for a dramatist to try to represent a storm at sea and a shipwreck, on the stage; but it makes a very effective opening scene for the play. From the beginning to the end the scene is one of stir and excitement,—with the roar of wind and waves, the crashing of thunder and flashes of lightning, the rattle of cordage, the shouting of commands and the confused cries of those on board; and the striking contrasts in costume of mariners and courtiers add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. Amid all this confusion there are two characters that stand out clearly against the background of storm,—the boatswain, a blustering, thorough-going seaman, not without a touch of grim humour, and Gonzalo, the honest old counsellor, who tries to preserve good cheer even though he knows that any moment may be their last.

In the judgment of expert naval officers who have studied the play Shakespeare has shown a remarkable knowledge of seamanship in this scene and “he must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time.”

From the speech of the master of the ship at the opening of the scene we learn that the vessel is being driven ashore by a strong wind; and the boatswain is trying to manoeuvre his ship so as to work his way out to sea in the teeth of the wind. His first order is to take in the topsail, which holds the wind and retards the movement of the vessel. He is not afraid of the wind if only he can get the vessel out to sea, free from the danger of running on the rocks. But taking in the topsail is not sufficient, and his next order is to try the effect of setting the main-sail (the main course) and running as close to the wind as possible. But this is not enough; the ship is still being driven towards the rocks. His next order is to turn the ship close to the wind and set both sails,—the foresail as well as the main-sail (her two courses) and by this means try to force her out to sea. But all is of no avail. The vessel strikes upon the rocks.

1. Boatswain. Pronounce, "bozon". A ship's officer who has charge of the sails, rigging, tackle, anchors, etc.

3. Good. This is not an answer to the boatswain's question, "What cheer?" It has something of the force of "I pray you", and is probably shortened from "Good, my lord", which was a common form of address. See ll. 14 and 18.

yarely. Briskly, nimbly.

7. Blow till thou burst, etc. He is addressing the storm.

if room enough. If there is room enough for the vessel to make its way out to sea.

9. Play the men. Play your part like brave men. Do your best.

12. Do you not hear him? The sea is the master; Do you not hear it roaring? Or it may refer merely to the master's whistle and his commands.

16. roarers. Roaring waves. Note the singular verb *cares*.

21. the peace of the present. Bring peace to us at the present moment.

22. hand. Handle.

28-9. his complexion is perfect gallows. You can tell by his appearance that he was born to be hanged. An allusion to the old proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

complexion. Used now of the colour or hue of the skin, but it formerly was used in speaking of the general character or appearance of the whole body.

30. the rope of his destiny. The rope by which he will be hanged.

30-1. doth little advantage. Helps us little. *Advantage* is a verb.

34. to try. "To lie at try" is a nautical phrase, meaning, "to lie close to the wind."

with main-course. With the main-sail set.

35-6. louder . . . office. Louder than the noise made by the storm or by us.

our office. Our duties,—which in this case was to shout his orders.

40. incharitable. Unkind, hard-hearted.

44. for drowning. Against being drowned.

46. **a-hold.** With her head close to the wind.

her two courses. Her two sails,—the main-sail and the foresail.

49. **must our mouths be cold?** Must we die?

52. **merely.** Absolutely. That is, the wreck is altogether the fault of these drunkards.

53. **wide-chapp'd.** With a wide mouth.

54. **the washing of ten tides.** Pirates were sometimes put to death by being tied to a stake at low tide and left to drown when the tide rose.

56. **to glut.** To swallow.

62. **long heath, brown furze.** Heath and furze are shrubs growing on waste land; the furze is a prickly shrub. Some editors prefer the reading, "ling, heath, broom, furze". Ling is another name for heather; and the broom is a shrub with yellow flowers, common in England.

SCENE II.

In this scene the important characters in the play are introduced, —Prospero, the magician; Miranda, 'admired' for her gentleness and beauty; Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Naples; Ariel, the delicate spirit whose duty it is "to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curl'd clouds"; and the monster Caliban, the "abhorred slave" of Prospero,—a diverse and fascinating group of characters.

The plot of *The Tempest* is slight, and in order to understand the few complications that do arise it is necessary that the audience should be informed of the events in the early life of Prospero, that help to explain how he has come to be on this desert island attended by such beings as Ariel and Caliban. It is always a problem for a dramatist to present a long and complicated story such as this, without wearying his readers or hearers. But in the shipwreck scene the audience have become acquainted with the actors in this drama of past events,—Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo. Prospero has a motive for telling the story, and he tells it with evident emotion. In the story itself there is enough dramatic action to hold the attention of the reader or hearer; and the exclamations and questions of Miranda from time to time prevent the narration from becoming tedious.

Throughout the scene the atmosphere is one of magic and romance. The desert island, the magic cloak of Prospero, the "spiriting" of Ariel, the mysterious music, the rude poetry of Caliban, the romance of Miranda and Ferdinand,—all unite to lay the audience under a charm from which they do not fully awake until the end of the play.

4. *welkin*. The sky.

6. *brave*. Fine, gallant.

11. *or ere*. Both these words are derived from the A.S. *aer*, meaning "before". Why are the two forms used here?

13. *fraughting souls*. Those with whom the vessel was freighted.

14. *amazement*. Perplexity, bewilderment,—an older meaning.

19. *more better*. A double comparative. Account for the use of such an expression.

20. *full*. Very, extremely, completely.

21. *no greater*. No greater than I appear to you to be.

23. *farther*. In modern usage, *further* expresses something additional.

24. *my magic garment*. Shakespeare keeps Prospero the man distinct from Prospero the magician.

27. *the very virtue of compassion*. The very essence of pity.

28. *provision*. Here, foresight, prevision.

35. *a bootless inquisition*. A profitless inquiry.

41. *Out*. Fully, completely.

45-46. *an assurance . . . warrants*. A certainty which my remembrance can vouch for.

50. *backward*. The past. What part of speech is it?

abysm. Abyss, which means, literally, "without bottom".

56. *a piece*. A perfect specimen; a sample.

59. *no worse issued*. Of no humbler birth than this.

64. *teen*. Trouble; source of vexation.

65. *from my remembrance*. Out of my memory.

Please you, farther. If you please, continue further.

69-70. *to him put the manage*. Gave him the management or direction.

71. **signories.** Dukedoms; estates ruled by a signor or lord.

72. **prime.** Principal; of the first importance.

73. **for.** With respect to.

the liberal arts. The higher branches of learning; so called because among the Romans only freemen were permitted to follow them. (Lat. *liber*, free.)

76. **to my state.** Probably, to my dukedom; but *state* may mean the pomp or dignity befitting my position as duke.

76-7. **transported and rapt.** Wholly absorbed. As here used, these two words have much the same meaning. Usually they express joy,—transports and rapture,—and it is possible that they express something of this meaning here.

79. **Being once perfected.** Having been perfectly taught, or having learned perfectly by practice.

81. **To trash for over-topping.** The word *trash* is a hunting term, meaning to hang a weight on the neck of a dog to prevent him from outstripping the others. *Overtopping* is used in speaking of trees or shrubs which have grown higher than the others. There is a mixture of metaphors in the phrase as here used.

81-2. **new created the creatures.** Re-appointed those to whom I had given office and who were, hence, under obligation to serve me.

82. **changed 'em.** Dismissed them; changed them for others.

'em. An abbreviated form of *hem*, the old dative plural of the personal pronoun.

83. **new form'd 'em.** Gave them different offices.

83-4. **the key of officer and office.** The power to appoint officers and fill offices. Stringed instruments such as the harpsichord are tuned by means of a "key".

84-5. **set all hearts . . . ear.** Influenced the feelings of those who held offices in the state, in whatever way he pleased.

85. **that.** So that.

87. **on't.** Of it.

90. **closeness.** Retirement, privacy.

91-2. **With that . . . rate.** With my studies, which were of greater value in my eyes than popularity,—the only drawback being that they withdrew me from public life.

popular rate. Popularity; public estimation.

94. **Like a good parent.** It is proverbial that good parents often have bad children.

95. **A falsehood.** Falseness; disloyalty.

in its contrary. The very opposite in character to my trust in him.

97. **sans bound.** Without limit.

99-102. **like one . . . lie.** Like one who has told a lie so often that he has deceived his own memory and has come to believe the lie as if it were truth; *i.e.* "to credit into truth".

103-5. **out of . . . prerogative.** This grew out of the substitution of himself in my place, and out of his performing the public duties of the duke as if he had full right and power to do so.

107-8. **To have . . . play'd it for.** So that in playing the part of the duke there may be no intermediary. So that he may play the part for himself and may no longer be a mere screen between Prospero and the public.

109. **Absolute Milan.** Absolutely duke of Milan.

110. **temporal royalties.** Ability to exercise political or worldly power, as opposed to spiritual power.

111. **confederates.** Forms an alliance or league; comes to an agreement.

112. **So dry he was for sway.** He was so eager (dry, or thirsty) for power.

113. **To give him annual tribute.** That is, he agreed to pay an annual sum of money to the king of Naples in return for his support.

117. **his condition, and the event.** The terms of the agreement, and the consequences.

122. **inveterate.** Of long standing; deeply rooted.

123. **in lieu o' the premises.** In return for the conditions laid down by the king of Naples.

125. **presently.** At once, without delay.

extirpate. Destroy; literally, root out.

129. **Fated.** Set apart by destiny.

131. **ministers.** Agents.

134-5. **a hint . . . to't.** A subject that forces tears from my eyes. Note the unusual meaning of *hint*.

138. *impertinent*. Not to the purpose; the literal meaning of the word.

140. *provokes*. Calls forth. Another word used in its literal sense.

144. *In few*. In short; in a few words.

146. *butt*. A wine-cask. Here, an expression of contempt, just as we sometimes speak of a boat as "an old tub".

not rigg'd. Explained by the next line.

147. *tackle*. Ropes.

150-1. *whose pity . . . wrong*. Although they did harm (wrong) to us in carrying our boat along, yet they pitied us and bore us no ill-will.

152. *cherubin*. The Hebrew plural of *cherub*; here used in the singular.

154. *Infused*. Filled.

155. *deck'd*. Here, sprinkled.

157. *An undergoing stomach*. A courage (stomach) which supported us.

163. *Master of this design*. In charge, responsible for carrying out this plan.

164. *stuffs*. A general term for cloth fabrics, especially light woollen materials.

165. *have steaded*. Have helped; have been useful.

his gentleness. His nobility of character.

176. *beating*. Coming back over and over.

177. *Know thus far forth*. I will carry my story forward (forth) to this extent.

179. *Now my dear lady*. Now favourable to me. This is in ap-
position with *fortune*.

180. *prescience*. Foreknowledge.

181-4. *I find . . . droop*. I find that my highest fortune depends upon a star that is most favourable to me, and that if I do not take advantage of its power, but neglect it, I shall never again have good fortune.

The words *zenith*, *auspicious*, and *influence* were commonly used in astrology.

185. **dulness.** Drowsiness.

192. **strong bidding.** Commands which must be obeyed.

193. **all his quality.** All his skill. Or it may mean, all the spirits associated with him, whose qualities are similar to his.

194. **to point.** Exactly; in every detail.

195. **To every article.** In every particular.

196. **the beak.** The prow.

197. **the waist.** The middle of the ship.

198. **I flamed amazement.** I brought confusion or bewilderment by appearing in the form of lightning flashes.

200. **The yards.** The spars to which the sails are attached.

bowsprit. A spar projecting from the bow, to which the foresail is attached.

distinctly. In separate flashes.

202. **momentary.** Instantaneous.

203. **cracks.** Peals of thunder.

204. **Neptune.** What is the grammatical relation?

206. **trident.** The three-pronged sceptre or spear which was the symbol of the power of Neptune, the god of the sea.

brave. Fine, excellent.

207. **constant.** Self-possessed; unmoved.

coil. Tumult.

208. **infect his reason.** Drive him mad.

209. **a fever of the mad.** The excitement which madmen feel.

209-10. **play'd . . . desperation.** Did something which showed how desperate he was.

213. **up-staring.** Standing on end.

215. **that's my spirit.** An expression of approval.

218. **their sustaining garments.** Their garments which upheld them.

223. **an odd angle.** An out-of-the-way corner.

224. **this sad knot.** Ariel imitates the attitude of Ferdinand with folded arms.

224-5. **Of the king's . . . disposed.** Re-arrange in prose form.

229. *the still-vext Bermoothes.* In Shakespeare's time it was believed that the Bermudas (Bermoothes) were continually troubled (vex't) by storms. In 1609 a vessel under the command of Sir George Somers was wrecked in a storm off the Bermudas, and Shakespeare may have had this in mind.

still. Always.

230. *under hatches stow'd.* Shut into the ship below deck. The hatches are frames or trap-doors which form coverings for the openings in the ship's deck.

231. *a charm . . . labour.* In addition to their weariness which was the result of the labour they had endured (suffered) they were now under a spell.

232. *for.* As for.

234. *flote.* Flood, sea.

240. *At least two glasses.* Two hours. The passage of time was measured by the hour-glass. Prospero confirms Ariel's reply, but observes the position of the sun more carefully.

242. *pains.* Painful work to do.

243. *remember thee.* Remind you.

244. *moody?* Are you in one of your moody, or sulky, fits?

248. *mistakings.* Blunders.

250. *To bate me a full year.* To take a full year off the time I was to serve you.

252-3. *think'st it much.* You grudge this; you think it too much for you to do.

253. *ooze.* The soft mud on the floor of the sea.

258. *envy.* Malice.

261. *Argier.* Algiers.

was she so? You remember that, do you?

264-5. *terrible . . . hearing.* Terrible to listen to.

266. *one thing she did.* One good deed which she had done. No one has been able to explain satisfactorily what this "one thing" was. It is supposed, however, that the story of *The Tempest* is based, in part at least, upon some older novel in which this one good deed is mentioned, although Shakespeare omits the explanation.

272. *for.* Because.

273. **earthy.** Impure, shameful.

274. **grand hests.** Important orders; great commands.

275. **more potent ministers.** More powerful agents.

276. **unmitigable.** Harsh, implacable.

281. **strike.** Strike the water as the paddles revolve.

285. **Dull thing, I say so.** You are slow to understand; I have said that it was Caliban.

288. **penetrate the breasts.** Awaken pity in their hearts.

289-90. **a torment to lay upon.** A torment fit only for punishing the damned.

295. **his. Its.** The word *its* had not come into common use in Shakespeare's time.

297. **correspondent.** Obedient. I shall act in accordance with your commands.

298. **spriting.** Spiriting; my service as a spirit.

300. Ariel is so delighted at the prospect of freedom that he is ready to do anything.

301-2. **be subject . . . mine.** Let no one else have the power to see you.

307. **Heaviness.** Drowsiness.

309. **'Tis.** In modern English we should use *He* instead of *It*.

310. **as 'tis.** Under existing conditions.

311. **We cannot miss him.** We cannot do without him.

312. **serves in offices.** Performs services.

314. **Thou earth.** What does the word *earth*, as applied to Caliban, express?

316. **when?** Expresses impatience.

317. **quaint.** Dainty, showing skill or art.

320. **wicked.** Poisonous.

dew. Moisture.

322. **a south-west.** A south-west wind, full of poisonous vapours.

325. **Side-stitches.** Sharp pains in the side.

pen. Prevent you from breathing freely.

urchins. Hobgoblins.

326. **that vast of night.** That desolate period of night.

327. **exercise.** Practise their torments.

328. As thick as honeycomb. The pinches shall be as close together as the cells in the honeycomb.

329. that made 'em. That made the cells.

333. Water with berries. A drink made from water mixed with the juice of berries. Some critics think that this is a reference to the use of coffee, which at this time was little known.

338. **charms.** Evil spells.

341. **sty me.** Pen me as in a sty.

345. Being capable of all ill. Having a nature which is easily impressed by anything that is evil.

348. **gabble.** Make meaningless sounds.

349. **most brutish.** Like the lower animals.

349-50. **endow'd thy purposes with words.** I gave meaning to your purposes by enabling you to express them in words.

350. **race.** Here, nature.

352. **abide.** Endure.

354. **more than a prison.** Torture or death.

356. The red plague. There is probably no reference to any particular kind of plague.

rid you. Destroy you.

357. **learning.** Not now used as a transitive verb.

358. **thou 'rt best.** It would be best for you.

359. **To answer other business.** To do other work.

Shrugg'st thou? What does the shrug of the shoulders express?

malice. Malicious thing.

361. **old cramps.** A multitude of cramps; or it may possibly mean, "the cramps which come with old age."

365. **dam's.** Mother's.

Setebos. It is supposed that Shakespeare borrowed the name from Eden's *History of Travel*, published in 1577, which speaks of Setebos as the god of the Patagonians.

369. **Court'sied.** *Courtesy*, and *curtsy*, or *curtesy*, are different forms of the same word.

369-70. **kiss'd the wild waves whist.** Kissed each other, and by so doing made the wild waves silent (whist). As the dance begins,

the partners curtsy to each other, then kiss, and the waves which have been boisterous, become silent to watch the graceful dance. Some editions have a comma after *kiss'd*, and the following line is then in the nominative absolute construction, "the wild waves becoming silent."

371. *featly*. Deftly; nimbly.

372. *the burthen bear*. Join in the chorus.

380. *should*. Expresses conjecture. "Where may it be?"

381. *waits upon*. It ministers to.

385. *passion*. Grief.

392. *Nothing of him, etc.* All of him that is mortal or subject to decay (doth fade) undergoes a change, which is caused by the sea. The grammatical construction is, "There is nothing of him that does not suffer, etc."

398. *remember*. Recall to me.

399. *mortal*. Human.

400. *owes*. Owns, possesses.

401. *The fringèd curtains*. The eyelids.

advance. Raise.

404. *brave*. Fine, handsome.

406. *gallant*. Handsome youth.

407. *but he's something stain'd*. Except that his appearance is somewhat marred.

408. *that's beauty's canker*. That destroys beauty, as the cankerworm destroys the rose.

409. *goodly*. Handsome.

fellows. Companions.

412. *It goes on*. My plan prospers.

414. *Most sure, the goddess*. Ferdinand has caught sight of Miranda.

415-16. *Vouchsafe . . . know*. Grant, in answer to my prayer, that I may know.

418. *prime*. First. This is the literal meaning of the word.

422. *the best of them*. Ferdinand believes that his father has been drowned, and that if he were now in Naples he would be king.

425. *single*. There is a play on the word *single* in its two senses of "solitary," and "weak". It is not used in the latter sense in modern English.

426. *He does hear me*. The king hears me, for I myself am the king.

428. *at ebb*. Free from weeping. My tears have always been flowing.

432. *control*. Have thee in their power.

434. *changed eyes*. Exchanged looks of love.

436. *done yourself some wrong*. You have done something unworthy of you in claiming to be king.

440-1. *if a virgin . . . forth*. If still unwedded and not betrothed to another.

442. *Soft*. Gently; not so fast.

446. *attend*. Listen to; observe.

447. *owest*. Ownest.

456. *muscles*. More commonly spelled *mussels*. The fresh water mussels are said to be edible, but tasteless.

458. *entertainment*. Treatment.

461. *gentle, and not fearful*. He is of gentle birth, and there is nothing in his nature to cause you to fear; there is, therefore, no need for you rashly to put him to the test. But the meaning may be "He is of noble birth, and hence high-spirited, and he has no fear; do not, therefore, rashly endanger yourself by fighting with him." The first of these two interpretations seems to be more in keeping with the disposition of Miranda and the circumstances of the situation.

462. *My foot my tutor?* Am I to be instructed as to what I shall do, by you, who know no more about my purposes than my foot?

464. *thy ward*. Thy attitude of defence.

477. *nerves*. Here, muscles, sinews,—an older meaning of the word.

479. *bound up*. Incapable of action, as in a nightmare.

486. *It works*. My plan succeeds.

490. *unwonted*. Unusual.

493. *To the syllable*. To the smallest detail.

QUESTIONS

1. "As a usual thing, in the first scene of a play of Shakespeare there is something which arrests and holds the attention, something unusual and picturesque or spectacular, which interests the audience in the theme of the play".

What are the unusual and picturesque features of the first scene of *The Tempest*?

2. "The characters of Gonzalo, on the one hand, and of Antonio and Sebastian, on the other, are seen in their respective attitudes towards the boatswain". Show that this is true.

3. In Scene II, Prospero could have told his story just as well without laying aside his magic garment. What does the dramatist gain by representing him as laying it down and resuming it later in the scene?

4. (a) What does the name "Miranda" literally signify?

(b) What does Prospero tell us regarding the age of Miranda at the time when the play opens?

(c) The dramatist wishes to give us the impression that Miranda had been carefully nurtured and trained. What references to this do you find in Scene II?

(d) What is the most outstanding quality of the character of Miranda as revealed in this scene?

5. (a) Write briefly, in a few sentences, the substance of Prospero's story as to how he and Miranda came to be on the desert island.

(b) What means does the dramatist use to prevent the attention of the audience from flagging during the narrative of Prospero?

6. (a) How does the dramatist account for the fact that the king of Naples had entered into the plot of Antonio against Prospero?

(b) Do you think that Prospero is justified in planning to have Miranda fall in love with Ferdinand, the son of his former enemy?

7. Why does Prospero cause Miranda to sleep during his interview with Ariel?

8. The account which Ariel gives of the shipwreck is especially vivid and picturesque. Point out an expression in each of the longer speeches of Ariel, which contributes to this effect.

9. (a) Ariel grumbles because there is "more toil" for him, and because Prospero has not given him his liberty. What is the purpose of the dramatist in introducing this into the play?

(b) What is gained by bringing out the story of Ariel's past life?

10. Prospero says to Miranda, after he awakes her,

"Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never

Yields us kind answer."

What is the purpose of this visit? Is it necessary to the development of the plot?

11. What complaint does Caliban make regarding the way Prospero has treated him? How does Prospero justify his treatment of Caliban?

12. The charge has been made that Prospero is unnecessarily harsh in his treatment of Ariel and Caliban and Ferdinand, and even of Miranda. Can you justify his seeming harshness?

13. Show in what respects the events of Act I are controlled by the magic of Prospero.

14. Mention some of the details of the plot in which the audience have become interested, and which lead them to look forward with interest to Act II.

ACT II—SCENE I

In this scene Antonio and Sebastian are the chief actors, and Antonio is revealed as the "villain" of the play. In the first part of the scene, Gonzalo in a somewhat tedious fashion is attempting to console Alonso over the loss of his son. Antonio and Sebastian make sport of everything he says and hold him up to ridicule,—and in so doing they reveal their own characters. This half of the scene is much less effective when read than when acted; for on the stage, the gestures, the boisterous laughter, the glances and jeering tones of the two villains help to give point to their otherwise feeble wit. In the latter part of the scene, where the villainy of Antonio is revealed, much also depends upon the acting,—the gestures and expression of face and tones of voice, of the two conspirators.

3. Our hint of woe. Our cause of grief.

5. masters. Joint-owners.

merchant. Used in two senses, the trading-vessel and the trader.

8. Can speak like us. Can speak of their escape.

11. The visitor . . . o'er so. Gonzalo, who is like a visitor trying to bring comfort to those who have suffered bereavement, will not desist just because Alonzo has told him to do so.

15. tell. Count the strokes.

16. entertain'd. Kept up, continued.

18. A dollar. Sebastian gives the word *entertainer* its ordinary meaning of one who provides for a guest and is paid for doing so,—an innkeeper, for instance. Then Gonzalo plays upon the word *dollar* by interpreting it as *dolour*, which means "grief".

28-34. It is a matter for a wager which of the two, old Gonzalo or young Adrian, will speak first. They have no money to put up and the loser can pay only by a laugh.

34. A match! Agreed.

40. He could not miss't. Having begun the sentence with *Though*, he could not avoid completing it with *yet*.

41-2. The temperature (temperance) must be mild. *Subtle*, *tender* and *delicate* all express the same idea.

43. Temperance. Sometimes used as a woman's name.

51. lush. Luxuriant.

52. tawny. Brownish-yellow in colour.

53. an eye of green. A slight tinge of green.

58. vouched rarities. Things that are warranted by their owners to be very rare.

63. If but one . . . speak. Antonio is perhaps thinking of the contents of his pockets which would be ruined by the water. But the speech is intended to prepare the way for the feeble pun which follows.

65. pocket up his report. Accept what he says as true.

72. paragon. A model.

74. widow Dido. Dido was Queen of Carthage, formerly a rich and flourishing city on the north coast of Africa a few miles from the modern city of Tunis. After the fall of Troy, Aeneas, the

founder of Rome, arrived at Carthage in the course of his wanderings. Dido fell in love with him and took her own life when she found that her love was not returned.

widow. The play on the word "widow" is perhaps an allusion to the ballad called "Queen Dido", which was well-known in Shakespeare's day.

75. A pox o' that. A plague upon the word!

78. how you take it. What sport you get out of it! How it makes you laugh!

84. the miraculous harp. Either the harp of Apollo to the sound of which the walls of Troy arose, or the harp of Amphion which raised the walls of Thebes. Gonzalo is greater than either because he has changed Tunis into Carthage and made a new city of it.

97. Bate. Do not include.

99. doublet. A short jacket which was "double" because it was lined.

101. That sort . . . for. Another pun. Either, that sort of doublet was well fished for when you were pulled out of the water; or, that word "sort" was much needed, and you did well to fish for it.

103-4. against . . . sense. My mind (sense) has no appetite (stomach) for these words.

106. my rate. My estimation, or opinion.

117. his wave-worn basis. Its base washed by the waves.

bow'd. Projected out over the wave-worn rocks that formed its base.

124. Who hath . . . on't. The antecedent of *Who* may be *she* or *you* (*your* = of you) or *eye*. The meaning is, "Who (or which) has cause to shed tears because of grief over it"

to wet the grief. To express grief by weeping.

127-8. Weigh'd . . . bow. The meaning is quite clear; she was undecided whether to give way to her feeling of distaste for the marriage or to her desire to obey her father. But the construction presents difficulties. Does *weighed* mean "was weighed"; or is it intransitive, in the sense of, "hung as a weight"; or transitive in the sense of "considered", with the clause "at . . . bow" as object? In any case, we must supply the pronoun *it*, and say either "at which end o't the beam should bow" or "at which end o' the beam it should bow". The general meaning is the same in both cases.

130. **Moe.** The old comparative of *many*. The word *more* which has taken the place of *moe* was the comparative of *much*.

132. **the dear'st.** The most severe.

135. **time.** Suitable time.

137. **chirurgeonly.** Like a skilful surgeon whose chief aim is to cure the patient. *Chirurgeon* is the older form of *surgeon*.

139. **cloudy.** Gloomy.

140. **plantation.** Gonzalo means "settlement" or "colonization". Antonio takes it up in the sense of "planting."

144. **by contraries.** In an opposite way from that which is now in use.

145. **traffic.** Trade.

147. **Letters.** Learning.

148. **use of service.** Employment of others.

succession. Legal procedure when property passed from one to another.

149. **Bourn.** Limit; lines marking off one property from another.

bound of land. Land that has definite bounds or limits.

tilth. Tillage.

150. **corn.** Grain.

158. **engine.** Instrument of warfare.

160. **it own.** In Elizabethan English *it* was sometimes, though rarely, used as an adjective, especially with the word *own*, where we should now say *its*.

foison. Abundance.

165. **Save his majesty.** God save his majesty! A jeering reference to Gonzalo as king of this Utopia.

169. **minister occasion.** Provide an opportunity for jest.

170. **sensible.** Sensitive; easily moved to laughter.

177. **An . . . flat-long.** If it had not failed to wound, like a blow from the flat side of a sword.

flat-long. Compare *side-long*.

179-80. **lift the moon . . . changing.** You are always wanting to set things right.

without changing. Without waxing and waning.

181. **a bat-fowling.** Catching bats. The *a* is a weakened form of *at*.

183-4. **adventure . . . weakly.** Risk my reputation for good judgment on so trivial a matter.

190. **omit the heavy offer.** Neglect to take advantage of your inclination to sleep.

heavy. Sleepy.

201. **No more.** I must say no more.

203. **the occasion speaks thee.** Either, the opportunity calls upon you; or, the circumstances are so favourable that they point to you as king.

205. **art thou waking?** You surely must be talking in your sleep. You cannot really know what you are saying.

212. **wink'st.** You close your eyes to your opportunity.

216. **if heed me.** If you give heed to what I say.

217. **Trebles thee o'er.** Makes you thrice as great.

standing water. Neither for nor against your plan, but ready to be persuaded.

218-9. **to ebb . . . instructs me.** I am naturally so indolent that I allow my condition to grow worse.

220-2. **If you . . . invest it.** If you knew how you encourage or foster the idea in these words, while apparently making light of it; how in stating it in this simple form you clothe it with greater importance.

222-4. **Ebbing men . . . sloth.** Those whose fortunes are on the wane are often almost at the end of their means either because they are afraid, or because they are too indolent to do anything to improve their condition.

225. **The setting.** The fixed, resolute expression.

226. **A matter.** A matter of importance.

227. **Which throes . . . yield.** A plan which costs you a struggle to reveal.

228. **of weak remembrance.** Who has such a weak memory.

229-30. **Who . . . earth'd.** Of whom, when he is buried, we shall have as little memory as he has of other things.

231-2. **only professes.** Gonzalo was counsellor to the king.

236. **that way.** Regarding that.

238-9. **Ambition . . . there.** Even the most ambitious person cannot see anything to be desired beyond being king, and must doubt whether it is possible to discover anything else worth striving for.

a wink. Here, even the smallest distance. It usually means a moment of time.

243. **beyond man's life.** Beyond the distance one would travel in a lifetime. In reality the distance between Naples and Tunis is less than four hundred miles.

244. **note.** Tidings.

post. Messenger.

247. **cast.** Cast up on shore.

248-50. **by that destiny . . . discharge.** Since it was our destiny to be cast up we are fated to do a deed of which the past is only the beginning and the completion of which is a task for you and me.

250. **How say you?** What is this you say? What do you mean?

253. **cubit.** A measure a foot and a half in length.

255. **Measure us back.** Measure off the cubits in returning.

Keep. Remain.

256. **wake.** Wake to his opportunities.

Say, this were. Let us suppose this to be death.

258. **There be.** There are those. *Be* is an older plural form.

261-2. **I myself . . . deep chat.** I myself could teach a jackdaw (a bird of the crow family) to talk with as much wisdom.

265-6. **how does . . . fortune.** How does your good fortune please you?

Tender. Regard, view.

269. **feater.** More becomingly.

270. **fellows.** Companions.

men. Men-servants.

272 3. If it were a chilblain (kibe) it would make me wear a slipper instead of a boot; but it doesn't trouble me at all.

275-6. **candied . . . molest.** This is equivalent to saying, "They can never trouble me." Syrup, if left long enough, becomes candied, and this candy will never melt of its own accord. It will not melt unless heat be applied to it.

281. **wink.** Sleep.

282. **morsel.** Used to express contempt.

284. **They'll take suggestion.** They'll fall in with the plot.

285 6. **They'll tell . . . hour.** They'll agree to anything that we think should be done. They'll swear to anything.

tell the clock. Count the hour; say that it is such and such an hour, if it suits the business we have in hand.

292. **To fall it.** To let it fall.

295. **his project dies.** His plan will fail.

302. **sudden.** Quick about it.

304. **are you drawn.** Are your swords drawn.

306. **securing.** Guarding.

317. **verily.** Truly so.

320. **these beasts.** These lions.

SCENE II

This is the first of the humorous scenes in the play, and the humour is of a rather boisterous character, depending more upon the acting than upon the actual dialogue. The meeting of Caliban with Stephano and Trinculo forms a sort of prologue to the following scenes in which Caliban, after his rude fashion, plots to gain his freedom by killing Prospero. In these scenes in which the three characters appear together, we cannot help contrasting Caliban with the drunken butler and the jester,—one the deformed half-savage monster, Nature at her lowest, the others the product of civilization at its worst; and Caliban does not altogether suffer by the comparison. There is a rude sort of poetry in his nature, and he has some elemental idea of worship, even if it has for its object only the man in the moon or the drunken Stephano with his bottle of "celestial liquor."

3. **By inch-meal.** Part by part; bit by bit; *meal*, as in "piece-meal," is from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "a part".

5. **urchin-shows.** Apparitions of elves or goblins.

9. **mow.** Make faces.

10. **hedgehog.** A small animal whose back is covered with prickles or spines.

11. **mount.** Thrust up.

13. **wound.** Twined about.

18-9. **to bear off any weather.** To keep out the wind and rain.

21. **bombard.** Here, a large leathern vessel for holding liquor.

shed his liquor. Burst and let its contents spill.

23. **cannot choose but fall.** Cannot help falling; cannot do anything else but fall. *But* is a preposition.

26-7. **Poor-John.** The hake, a cheap kind of fish of the cod family.

28. **painted.** He will have a painting made to use as a sign at the door of the side-show where the fish is exhibited.

30. **monster.** Grotesque creature. What is the derivation of the word?

make a man. Make a man's fortune.

31. **doit.** A very small Dutch coin; hence, a trifle.

33. **Legged.** Trinculo is feeling the body.

37. **gaberdine.** Long cloak.

39. **shroud.** Take shelter; cover myself.

43. **scurvy tune.** Vile song.

45. **swabber.** The sailor who mops the deck.

49. **a tang.** Twang; harsh sound. She was sharp-tongued.

56. **Ind.** India.

58. **proper.** Good-looking.

59. **give ground.** Run away.

64. **an ague.** Caliban is trembling through fear.

should. Expresses conjecture. "Where could he have learned".

66. **recover him.** Restore him to health; cure him of his ague.

68. **trod on neat's-leather.** Wore shoes. *Neat* means "cattle", and *neat's-leather* is, literally, cow-hide.

71. **fit.** Of ague.

73. **go near to.** Help very greatly.

74-5. **I will not . . . him.** The highest price I can ask will not be too much.

76. **soundly.** Fully.

78. **trembling.** A sign that he was possessed of an evil spirit.

80. **Come on your ways.** Come now, don't be foolish.

81. **cat.** A reference to an old proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak."

84. **chaps.** Jaws.

86. **defend me.** Save me from these devils.

87. **delicate.** Ingeniously contrived.

91. **Amen.** Stop; that's enough for just now.

95-6. An allusion to the old proverb, "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."

102. **very Trinculo.** The real Trinculo.

107. **mooncalf.** A deformed creature.

111. **constant.** Settled.

113. **brave.** Fine.

celestial. Heavenly.

117. **a butt of sack.** A cask of liquor. Sack is a general name for Spanish white wine.

125. **kiss the book.** Put your mouth to the bottle; drink.

133. **when time was.** Once upon a time.

135. **thy bush.** The thorn bush which people fancied they saw in the moon.

138. **By this good light.** A common oath.

shallow. Stupid.

139-40. **The man i' the moon.** The idea of anyone taking Stephano for the man in the moon!

141. **Well drawn.** That was a long drink.

149-50. **could find . . . heart.** Feel disposed.

159-60. **to make . . . drunkard.** To treat Stephano as something above the ordinary; to act as if he were a god.

161. **crabs.** Crab-apples.

162. **pig-nuts.** The roots of a certain plant which resemble bulbs and have the flavour of nuts.

164. **marmoset.** A species of monkey.

166. *scamels*. The meaning of this word is not known. Some editors suppose it to mean "shell-fish"; others think that it is a misprint for *sea-mells*, which means "sea-gulls".

169. *inherit*. Take possession.

179. *hey-dey*. Hurrah! A shout of joy.

QUESTIONS

1. (a) What further impression of the character of Gonzalo is given in this scene?

(b) What does the dramatist gain by having Antonio and Sebastian ridicule Gonzalo?

2. (a) Describe the mental state of Alonzo as he appears in this scene.

(b) What details are given in the play regarding the marriage of Alonzo's daughter Claribel?

3. What arguments does Antonio make use of to persuade Sebastian to join in a conspiracy against Alonzo and Gonzalo?

4. For what purposes does Ariel exercise his supernatural powers in this scene? Why did he not cause Antonio and Sebastian to fall asleep also?

5. What complaint does Caliban make of Prospero in Scene II? Why is he so ready to devote himself to Stephano?

6. What purpose or feeling gives rise to each of the songs in Act II?

ACT III—SCENE I

In this scene the old theme of love at first sight is presented in idyllic form. The lovers show their devotion one to the other, not merely in their protestations of love, but in the desire of each to relieve the other of wearisome labour. It is a "fair encounter of two most rare affections." The scene is all the more charming because of the naivete of the lovers. Ferdinand frankly compares Miranda with other women whom he has admired, and Miranda innocently confesses her love and offers to become his wife if he wills it. Throughout the scene the presence and influence of Prospero is felt. He rejoices in the happiness of the lovers, which

is a part of his plan for them. It is because of his "sore injunction" that Ferdinand bears the logs; and there is a modern touch of humour in Miranda's assurance that her father is "safe for these three hours," while all the time he is looking on unseen and listening to what the lovers are saying.

1-2. *their labour . . . off.* The pleasure we take in doing them offsets, or makes up for, what is painful.

3-4. *most poor . . . ends.* Things that in themselves are profitless (most poor) are of value because of what they lead to.

6. *which.* Formerly used in speaking of persons.

quickens. Gives life to.

11. *Upon a sore injunction.* Because I have been commanded to do so under severe (sore) penalties if I disobey.

12-3. *such baseness . . . executor.* Such menial work had never been done by a prince.

I forget. I am forgetting my work and must continue it.

14-5. *But these . . . do it.* These thoughts of my mistress give fresh zest to my labours, so that when I am thinking of her and am least occupied with my work, I am in reality most busy.

The original reading was, "most busy lest, when I do it,"—which does not make sense; and there have been many conjectures as to what Shakespeare actually wrote. Two other suggested readings are, "Most busiest when I do it," and "Most busiest when idlest."

31. *Poor worm.* Poor creature.

thou art infected. "Infected" and "visitation" are words used in speaking of the plague. You have caught the disease (of love). A "visitation" is an attack of the plague.

37. *I have . . . so.* I have broken your command in saying so.

38. *the top of admiration.* Nothing can be admired more.

40. *with best regard.* With appreciation of their beauty.

41-2. *hath into bondage . . . ear.* Has charmed my ear, which was all too ready to listen to their pleasing voices.

42-3. *several.* Separate, different.

44-6. **some defect . . . foil.** There was always some defect to offset her finest quality, and detract from it.

owed. Owned, possessed.

put it to the foil. Foiled, or defeated, it.

52-3. **how features . . . skill-less of.** I have no knowledge of the appearance of people elsewhere. The word *features* was used in Shakespeare's time in speaking of the body as a whole, and not merely of the face.

59. **in my condition.** In rank.

62. **wooden slavery.** This necessity of bearing logs.

63. **blow.** Sting.

68. **this sound.** These words.

69. **And crown . . . event.** And may the love which I profess have a happy outcome (event).

70-1. **if hollowly . . . mischief.** If I speak falsely (hollowly), may everything which bodes good to me be changed to evil.

72. **what.** Anything.

74. **Fair encounter.** A happy meeting.

76. **that which . . . 'em.** Their love.

77-79. **that dare not . . . to want.** That dare not offer my love, and, much less, accept yours.

die to want. Die through lack of it.

79. **this is trifling.** Hinting of my love in this way is merely trifling with it.

80. **it.** My love.

81. **bashful cunning.** The effort to express my love, and yet at the same time to conceal it because of modesty.

84. **your maid.** Because of my love for you I'll marry no one else.

your fellow. Your companion; your equal.

87. **thus humble.** Ferdinand kneels to her.

89. **As bondage e'er of freedom.** As a slave was ever eager for freedom.

91. **A thousand thousand.** It will be a thousand thousand hours till then.

93. **Who are surprised withal.** Their delight in their love is all the greater because it is sudden and unexpected. *Withal* is used in the sense of "besides".

94. **my book.** My book of magic.

96. **appertaining.** Concerning these plans of mine.

SCENE II

The humour of this scene lies partly in the buffoonery of Trinculo and Stephano and in the actions of Caliban after he has tasted the contents of the bottle, and partly in the ridiculous "airs" of Stephano. Trinculo sees Stephano as he really is, and cries out on the folly of Caliban, who worships him because of his fine words and assumed airs, and because of the bottle with its "celestial liquor". Although both Stephano and Trinculo look upon Caliban as a mere "monster", he is, nevertheless, in spite of his deformity of mind and body, superior to them both. Shakespeare conveys this impression by having him speak in verse, and by putting into his mouth the language of natural poetry. And in connection with Caliban's plot against Prospero it is to be noticed that while the others are easily drawn aside by the music of Ariel, Caliban has some tenacity of purpose. The plot of Caliban is intended as a sort of foil to the more serious plot of Antonio and Sebastian. In the case of Caliban, his brutish nature is in revolt against the higher purposes and higher intelligence of Prospero; but the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian is the deliberate plot of two depraved natures for their own selfish ends.

2-3. **bear up and board 'em.** Stephano speaks jocularly in sailor's language, of attacking the bottle as if it were an enemy. To bear up is to turn the vessel aside from its course, in pursuit of the enemy; to board another ship is to attack it at close quarters, in a hand to hand fight.

4. **the folly of this island!** The idea of the drunken Stephano having a servant amuses Trinculo.

6. **the state totters.** It will go to ruin since there are no sensible people to govern it.

8. **set.** Fixed; glazed with drink.

9. **brave.** Fine, excellent.

15. **standard.** Standard-bearer.

16. **no standard.** He is too drunk to stand.

20. **Mooncalf.** A monster; a deformed creature.

24-5. **in case to jostle a constable.** Brave enough to fight with a constable. *Jostle* is another form of "jostle".

25. **deboshed.** Debauched; drunken.

32. **natural.** Idiot.

55. **this thing.** Trinculo.

57. **compassed.** Brought about.

62. **pied ninny.** A jester or fool (ninny) dressed in motley (pied) garments.

scurvy patch. Good-for-nothing clown. The jester was called a patch because he wore garments of motley colours.

66. **quick freshes.** Living springs of fresh water.

69. **a stockfish.** A dried cod, which was beaten before being cooked.

79. **murrain.** Plague.

89. **paunch him.** Drive a stake through the middle of his body.

90. **wezand.** Windpipe.

92. **a sot.** A fool.

95. **utensils.** Tools.

96. The construction is mixed. "Which he will deck his house with (withal) when he has one".

115. **troll the catch.** Sing the tune. A catch is a part-song.

116. **while-ere.** A little while ago.

119. **Flout 'em and scout 'em.** Mock at them and sneer at them.

(*Stage direction*) **a tabor.** A little drum.

123. **this same.** This tune that we hear.

124-5. **the picture of Nobody.** The reference is probably to the pictures that were common on sign-boards showing a head and shoulders but no distinct features of the face.

127. **take 't as thou list.** Show yourself in whatever form you please.

129-30. **Mercy upon us!** When the tune suddenly became louder Stephano's courage gave way.

135. **twangling.** Twanging. The word is imitative of the sharp quick sounds made by a stringed instrument such as a banjo or a guitar.

145. **by and by.** Immediately.

149. **lays it on.** Beats his drum with a will.

150. **Wilt come?** Caliban is more sensible than his drunken companions. He is reluctant to be turned aside from his purpose.

SCENE III

Although there is no distinct crisis or turning-point in *The Tempest*, this scene may be considered as the dramatic centre of the play. In order to give a dramatic and spectacular character to the scene, Shakespeare has introduced the device of the banquet. This has in reality very little connection with the main plot of the play; but it is intended to impress Alonzo and his companions, and it gives Ariel an opportunity to denounce them for their "trespass" against Prospero. Alonzo is awakened to a sense of his guilt; but the arch-conspirators Antonio and Sebastian are merely aroused to a frenzy of desperation by what has taken place.

1. **By'r lakin.** A mild oath. By our lady. *Lakin* is a diminutive of "lady".

2. **here's a maze trod.** What twists and turns we have made.

3. **forth-rights.** Straight paths.

meanders. Winding ways. The word *meander* is derived from the name of a river in Asia Minor noted for its windings.

5. **attach'd with.** Overcome by; seized with.

8. **for my flatterer.** To deceive me as a flatterer does.

10. **frustrate.** Vain; baffled.

14. **thoroughly.** Thoroughly.

17. **no more.** Say no more just now.

21. **A living drollery.** A puppet-show (drollery) in which the figures were living creatures and not mere puppets or dolls.

22. **unicorns.** The unicorn was a fabulous animal which had one horn only, growing from the centre of its forehead.

22-4. **that, in Arabia . . . there.** The phoenix was a fabulous bird of which there was only one in all the world, and which was said to

live for five hundred years. When the time of its death approached, it built its own funeral pyre, on which it was consumed; but from its ashes sprang a new phoenix.

25. *what does else want credit.* Everything else that is incredible.

30. *certes.* Certainly.

32-4. *Their manners . . . any.* Their manners are more kind and gentle than you shall find in many, nay, almost any, of our human generation.

generation. Race.

36. *muse.* Wonder at.

39. *Praise in departing.* A proverbial expression, meaning, "Wait till the entertainment is over before you praise it."

45-7. *mountaineers . . . flesh.* A reference to goitre, to which people of mountainous countries are subject.

Dew-lapp'd. With folds of skin hanging from the throat.

Wallets. Loose masses.

48. *Whose heads . . . breasts.* In the old books of travel mention is made of men without heads, but with mouths in their breasts and eyes in their shoulders.

49. *Each putter-out of five for one.* Each traveller. In Elizabethan times a traveller before setting out for foreign lands, sometimes took out a kind of insurance. He deposited a certain sum of money with a money-lender or agent on condition that if he failed to return, the agent should have the full amount; but if he came back it was agreed that the agent should pay him five pounds for each pound that he had paid in.

51-2. *no matter . . . past.* If it should be the last food that I shall taste, it will not matter, since I feel that the best of my life is spent.

(*Stage direction*) *a harpy.* A monster having the face of a woman and the body of a bird.

a quaint device. An ingenious contrivance. *Quaint* is used here in its literal sense, implying knowledge and skill.

55. *to instrument.* As its instrument. Destiny makes use of the world and what is in it to bring about its ends.

57. **Hath caused.** "Destiny" is the subject, and "sea" is the object.

59. **mad.** Distracted, so that you are not yourselves.

61. **Their proper selves.** Their own selves.

65. **still-closing.** Always closing; never showing a wound.

66. **dowle.** Feather. Literally, *dowle* and *down* have the same meaning.

67. **like.** Equally.

68. **massy.** Massive.

72. **requit it.** Repaid you for your wrong-doing.

75. **Incensed.** Enraged; aroused to anger.

78. **Lingering perdition.** Gradual ruin or destruction.

78-9. **than any death can be at once.** Than any sudden or instantaneous death can be.

80. **your ways.** Your course of life.

whose. The antecedent is "powers."

81. **falls.** The idea expressed by the subject *wraths* is singular.

82. **is.** There is.

heart-sorrow. Repentance.

83. **a clear life ensuing.** A pure life for the remainder of your days.

(*Stage direction*). **mocks and mows.** Mocking expressions and grimaces. The two words have much the same meaning.

84. **Bravely.** Excellently.

85. **devouring.** Fascinating; absorbing the attention.

86. **nothing bated.** Omitted nothing.

87-9. **so, with good life . . . done.** So also, my humbler agents have performed their respective duties most naturally and with wonderful fidelity to my instructions.

90-1. **knit up . . . distractions.** The prey of their own disordered fancies.

100. **bass my trespass.** Proclaimed my guilt in a deep bass roar.

101. **the ooze.** The mud or slime which forms the ocean bed.

109. **ecstasy.** Frenzy. Ecstasy is, literally, the state of being beside oneself.

QUESTIONS

1. Between the time of the shipwreck and the close of Scene I (Act III) only an hour or two has passed. Tell the story of Ferdinand's experiences during this time.

2. Shakespeare quite evidently wishes to represent Miranda as his ideal of innocence and purity. How can you justify her apparent disobedience to her father and her seeming lack of modesty in confessing her love to Ferdinand?

3. At the close of the interview between Ferdinand and Miranda, Prospero says, "My rejoicing at nothing can be more". Why is he so greatly rejoiced?

4. How do you account for the difference between Trinculo's and Caliban's estimates of Stephano?

5. Three times during the course of Scene II Ariel says to Caliban, "Thou liest." From the point of view of the dramatist what purpose is served by these interruptions?

6. What evidence do you find of shrewdness in Caliban, such as you might not expect from a mere "monster"?

7. (a) In Scene III Antonio, in speaking of Alonzo, says, "I am right glad that he's so out of hope". Why is he glad of this?

(b) Sebastian has been described as a mere tool of Antonio, without a mind of his own. Do you agree with this estimate?

8. As far as the staging of the play is concerned, the devices by which the banquet is produced and by which it disappears are more or less difficult to provide for. Do you think that the play would lose much if the banquet were omitted entirely? Give reasons.

ACT IV—SCENE I

In the first half of this scene the audience are entertained with a pageant, including a rustic dance, which gives an opportunity for the display of costumes in gay colours. As far as the plot is concerned, this pageant is not an essential part of the play, but it contributes to the "magic and music" in which so much of the charm of *The*

Tempest lies. And there is a special reason why we should appreciate it; for it provides the occasion for those magnificent lines of Prospero's which are the last word in Shakespeare's own philosophy. The latter half of the scene is less important than the first; but the audience are already interested in the conspiracy of Caliban; and the "hunting" of the three drunken rogues, under the direction of Ariel, provides further entertainment.

1. **austerely.** Harshly.

3. **a third.** A large portion. Some editions have *thread* instead of *third*.

5. **tender.** Offer.

7. **strangely.** Admirably, wonderfully.

9. **boast her off.** Praise her boastfully. "Off" is used in the same sense as in "Show her off".

12. **Against an oracle.** Even if an oracle of wisdom should declare the contrary.

14. **purchased.** Won.

16. **What.** Ho! An exclamation to catch the attention.

17. **would.** Wishes.

18. **meaner fellows.** Inferior spirits; subordinates.

20. **the rabble.** Common spirits.

24. **Some vanity of mine art.** Some trifling show produced by magic.

25. **Presently.** Immediately.

26. **with a twink.** In a twinkling.

30. **mop and mow.** Grimace; a puckering of the mouth. The two words have the same meaning.

32. **a corollary.** An extra number; more than are required.

33. **want.** Lack.

pertly. Promptly.

35. **Iris.** The goddess of the rainbow, and a messenger of Juno, the queen of heaven.

Ceres. The goddess of the harvests. Hence the word *cereal*.

36. **vetches.** The vetch belongs to the bean family.

38. **thatch'd with stover.** Covered with coarse hay to be used as fodder for cattle.

39. *pioned and twilled brims*. Shakespearean scholars have not been able to interpret this line satisfactorily. It has been suggested that *pioned* means covered with peonies, and it is said that in Warwickshire the name "peony" was formerly applied to the marsh-marigold. *Twilled* may mean covered with matted grass which resembles twilled cloth. On the other hand, certain scholars have argued that *pioned* and *twilled* were agricultural terms used to describe the ridging up of the banks of the streams in early spring.

41. *cold nymphs*. Maids who are not in love.

42. *the dismissed bachelor*. The rejected lover, who is melancholy and seeks out a shady grove.

43. *Being lass-lorn*. Because he has been forsaken by his lady love.

pole-clipt. With vines twining about the pole. *Clip* means "to embrace".

44. *sea-marge*. Edge of the sea.

49. *her peacocks fly amain*. The peacocks which draw the chariot of Juno are flying hither with speed.

53. *saffron*. Orange-coloured. The saffron flower from which the colour is obtained is a species of crocus.

56. *bosky acres*. Wooded fields.

unshrubb'd down. A low flat hill, bare of trees or shrubs.

57. *Rich scarf*. The rainbow is compared to a scarf of many colours.

59. *A contract . . . celebrate*. To give your approval to the betrothal of these lovers.

60. *to estate*. To bestow.

61. *heavenly bow*. Ceres addresses Iris as the rainbow.

62. *Venus, or her son*. The goddess of love or her son Cupid.

64. *dusky Dis . . . got*. Ceres had a daughter named Proserpine (or Persephone) who was carried off by Pluto (Dis), the god of the underworld.

65. *scandal'd*. Disgraceful, because he is constantly causing scandals.

68. *Paphos*. A city in the island of Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

69. *Dove-drawn*. Their chariot drawn by doves.

70. *her gait.* The majesty with which she walks.
76. *still.* Ever.
78. *foison.* Abundance.
plenty. Plentiful.
83. *In the . . . harvest.* So that there will be no dreary winter.
85. *so.* To bring this about.
87. *Harmonious charmingly.* The charms are in harmony one with the other.
- 87-8. *bold to think.* So bold as to believe that these are spirits.
89. *confines.* The limits within which they dwell.
91. *wonder'd.* Producing wonders.
a wise. Some editions read, "a wife".
96. *windring.* Winding.
97. *sedged.* Made of sedge,—the coarse grasses that grow along the borders of streams.
98. *crisp.* The water curled into ripples.
100. *temperate.* Mild-tempered; gentle.
106. *In country footing.* In a country dance.
(*Stage direction*). *properly habited.* With garments in keeping with their occupation as reapers.
110. *avoid.* Begone.
111. *passion.* Strong emotion.
113. *so distemper'd.* Showing so great vexation.
- 119-26. This is one of the finest passages in English poetry.
119. *baseless fabric.* It is insubstantial; not formed from anything material.
122. *inherit.* Possess.
124. *rack.* Broken flying cloud; floating vapour.
125. *on.* Of; from.
126. *rounded.* Surrounded, with a sleep before and after; or, perhaps, finished off, completed.
128. *infirmity.* Weakness, lack of self-control.
131. *beating.* Agitated, excited.
132. *with a thought.* As quick as thought.

133. **cleave to.** Follow, eager to obey your slightest wish.

134. **meet with.** Cope with; encounter.

138. **varlets.** Rogues. *Varlet* and *valet* are two forms of the same word, both related to *vassal*.

144. **unback'd.** That had never been ridden.

145. **Advanced.** Raised.

146. **As.** As if.

148. **goss.** Gorse.

150. **filthy-mantled.** Covered with a filthy scum.

151. **that.** So that.

154. **trumpery.** Worthless finery.

155. **stale.** A decoy; bait.

157. **Nurture.** Training.

160. **cankers.** Becomes more corrupt or depraved.

161. **Even to roaring.** Until they roar.

line. The lime tree was usually spoken of as the line.

162-3. **that the blind . . . footfall.** So softly that even the mole may not hear us.

165. **played the Jack.** Made fools of us; deceived us. But the meaning may be that he has led us astray like the Will-o'-the-wisp or Jack-o'-Lantern.

171. **Shall hoodwink this mischance.** Shall make you forget this trifling misfortune. To hoodwink is to blindfold, and, hence, to keep one from seeing it.

191. **frippery.** A place where old clothes are sold.

196. **luggage.** Useless stuff; things that will be only a burden to you.

199. **Make us strange stuff.** Do strange things to us.

201. **jerkin.** A short coat or jacket.

under the line. In tennis the prizes or stakes were placed under the net or "line," and Stephano probably means, "This jerkin is my prize."

202. **to lose your hair.** The meaning is obscure. There may be an allusion to the fact that people crossing the equator (the line) are sometimes attacked by fevers, as a result of which they lose

their hair. Or there may be a punning reference to clothes-lines which in Shakespeare's time were made of hair. If the jerkin were taken from the clothes-line it might be said to lose its hair.

204. **by line and level.** According to rule; methodically. The line and the level are both used in carpentry.

an 't like. If it please.

208-9. **pass of pate.** A witty sally.

210. **lime.** Bird lime, to which the garments would stick.

213. **barnacles.** Here, geese. Literally, barnacles are shell-fish which attach themselves to timbers which lie under water. It was at one time believed that from these barnacles there were hatched a certain kind of geese.

214. **foreheads villanous low.** A low forehead was considered, in Shakespeare's time, as a deformity.

224. **dry convulsions.** Rheumatic pains.

225. **aged cramps.** Cramps such as come with old age.

226. **pard.** Leopard.

cat o' mountain. The panther or the lynx.

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Prospero in speaking to Ferdinand says, "All thy vexations were but my trials of thy love." Explain.

(b) Prospero says to Ariel, "Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service did worthily perform." What was this "last service"?

2. (a) What reason does Prospero give for presenting the pageant in this scene?

(b) In what way is the pageant itself related to the plot?

3. (a) Who were Iris, Ceres, and Juno, respectively? Why does each of these goddesses appear in the pageant?

(b) During the pageant, "Juno and Ceres whisper and send Iris on employment." What is this employment?

4. (a) Ferdinand says to Miranda, "Your father's in some passion that works him strongly." What was the cause of this passion?

(b) At the close of the "revels," Prospero in speaking to Ferdinand sums up his philosophy of life in a memorable speech.

Aside from its poetic character, what justification is there for this speech?

5. (a) Compare Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, in their attitude towards the "trumpery" which Ariel has provided.

(b) Prospero says, "At this hour lies at my mercy all mine enemies." Explain this.

ACT V—SCENE I

The purpose of the dramatist in this scene is to bring to a happy conclusion the main plot and the sub-plots or episodes in the play. Aside from Prospero and Ariel, there are four groups of characters in the play,—Alonzo and his companions; the lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda; the master and the boatswain; and the group of minor conspirators, Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. These groups are one by one brought together, and at one point in the scene they are all on the stage at the one time. When Prospero reveals himself to Alonzo and his companions, Alonzo becomes the chief speaker of this group, and plays a more important part than hitherto. Antonio, when confronted with his villainy, says nothing, and it is left to the actor who represents him, to interpret, in expression of face and in gestures, what his feelings must be. The game of chess in which Ferdinand and Miranda engage seems at first glance to be out of keeping with their surroundings on this desert island; but Shakespeare wished to provide some occupation which would engross them both, and the scene is a charming one. The audience, accustomed by this time to a succession of wonders, are not likely to question the propriety of the scene. The re-appearance of the master and the boatswain is not strictly necessary to the completion of the plot, for we have already been assured by Ariel that the ship is safe. But these scenes in which the mariners appear help to form a frame or setting for the play, and they give us a feeling of reality which is lacking in the rest of the play. The sub-plot in which Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban are the actors, must also be brought to a close. The reappearance of these drunken knaves provides a touch of humour, especially when they are pinched and cramped as a punishment for their foolish plot. But they get off lightly, and Caliban, as well as Ariel, is given his liberty. The most dramatic and poetic speech in this scene is the one in which Prospero renounces his magic. This speech is doubly significant because the audience

cannot escape the feeling that Prospero the magician is none other than Shakespeare himself, who is in these words taking a regretful farewell of his art.

2. **crack not.** Hold; are strong.

2-3. **time . . . carriage.** Literally, time marches forward without bending under its burden (carriage). That is to say, everything is working out in its proper time.

carriage. What it has to carry; burden.

4. **On.** At the point of; just about.

10. **line-grove.** Grove of lime trees.

weather-fends. Protects it from the weather.

11. **till your release.** Till they are released by you.

12. **distracted.** In a state of madness.

17. **works 'em.** Affects them.

21. **a touch.** A sensibility similar to theirs.

23-4. **that relish . . . they.** That enjoy (relish) pleasure just as keenly, and feel sorrow (passion) in the same way as they. *Passion* is a verb. If we omit the comma after *sharply*, "passion" must be considered as a noun, object of *relish*. Some editors prefer this reading.

25. **their high wrongs.** The great wrongs of which they have been guilty.

27-8. **the rarer . . . vengeance.** It is more excellent (rarer) to strive for what is noble than to seek for vengeance.

29-30. **The sole drift . . . further.** My purpose is directed towards one end only; and since they are penitent, I do not wish to punish them further, even by a frown.

The sole drift. The only end to be accomplished.

34. **printless.** Leaving no mark on the sand.

35. **the ebbing Neptune.** The outgoing tide, as if Neptune, the god of the sea, were hurrying back to his domain.

36 **demi-puppets.** Fairies that are only half the size of the wooden dolls or marionettes that are used in certain shows, such as a Punch and Judy performance.

37. **the green sour ringlets.** Circles of coarse grass in the fields, which, according to popular belief, were supposed to mark the place where the fairies had danced.

41. **Weak masters though ye be.** Not strong enough to undertake and direct anything, but helpful in aiding others.

47. **spurs.** Roots.

50-1. **this rough magic I here abjure.** *The Tempest* is supposed to have been the last play that Shakespeare wrote, and it is possible that in these lines he is himself saying farewell to the stage.

51. **required.** Asked for.

53-4. **their senses that . . . for.** The senses of those for whom this music (airy charm) is intended.

56. **sound.** Sink, in taking the depth of the water.

58-9. **A solemn . . . fancy.** Solemn music, which is the best cure for an imagination that is disturbed.

60. **boil'd.** Overheated: hence, stupid.

63-4. **even sociable . . . drops.** Weep sympathetic tears on seeing the tears in thine eyes.

64. **apace.** Rapidly.

66-8. **their rising senses . . . reason.** Their power to perceive and understand is returning, and the madness which kept them in ignorance of what was going on and prevented them from reasoning clearly, is being chased away. The figure is taken from chemistry. The confusion in their minds is compared to a scum (mantle) which is being driven off in the form of heavy gas (fumes) by some chemical action.

70-1. **pay thy graces home.** Fully reward thy virtues. *Home* is an adverb of degree.

73. **a furtherer.** An accomplice.

74. **Flesh and blood.** Of the same flesh and blood as I.

76. **remorse and nature.** Pity (remorse) and natural affection.

79-82. **Their understanding . . . muddy.** The return of their understanding is compared to the coming in of the tide. They are now dull, but their reason will fully return.

83. **That yet looks on me.** They are paying no attention to him, not even looking at him.

85. **discease me.** Take off my disguise.

86. **sometime Milan.** Formerly duke of Milan.

90. **when owls do cry.** After nightfall.

92. **After summer.** In pursuit of summer.

96. **so, so, so.** In response to Ariel's gestures of delight.

99. **Under the hatches.** See note on Act I, Scene II, l. 230.

101. **presently.** At once.

102. **I drink . . . me.** Ariel's way of saying that he will make speed.

104. **amazement.** Bewilderment.

112. **some enchanted . . . me.** Something unreal, some phantom, created by enchantment, to deceive (abuse) me.

116. **crave.** Call for.

117. **An if this be at all.** If this be real and not imaginary.

119. **my wrongs.** My wrong-doing.

how should. How can it be possible that.

120. **noble friend.** Gonzalo.

121. **embrace thine age.** Embrace thee, my aged friend.

122. **confined.** It is without limit; there are no bounds to it.

123-4. **taste some subtilties.** Are subject to some of the deceptions. *Subtilty* is also used in connection with cookery. A dish that is especially dainty or unusual, is spoken of as a subtilty. In this passage the term was no doubt suggested by the word *taste*.

128. **justify.** Prove.

139. **woe.** Filled with sorrow.

140-1. **patience . . . cure.** Time and patience will repair most losses, but there is no cure for this loss.

142. **her help.** The help of patience.

soft grace. Gentle, soothing quality.

145. **As great to me as late.** It is as great a loss to me as it is recent; that is, it is all the greater because it is so recent.

145-6. **supportable . . . loss.** To make this severe (dear) loss bearable.

146. **means much weaker.** Alonzo had the comfort of knowing that his daughter was still living.

154. **encounter.** Meeting. How is the word ordinarily used in modern English?

admire. Wonder.

155. devour their reason. Pay no heed to their reason; put it out of the way.

156. do offices of truth. Are doing them trustworthy service.

156-7. their words . . . breath. When they speak they feel as if they were under some spell.

158. justled. Jostled, pushed aside.

164. Not a . . . breakfast. Not a short narrative (relation) which might be related during breakfast.

(*Stage direction*) discovers. Reveals.

172. play me false. Are not playing fair. Miranda, of course, says this jestingly because Ferdinand is getting the better of her in the game.

174. a score of kingdoms. Ferdinand has just said that he wouldn't cheat for the world. In reply Miranda jestingly puns on the word *score* in the sense of the score in the game, and score as a number. In chess the player who captures his opponent's king, wins the game, and thus, in a sense, they are playing for a kingdom.

wrangle. Contend. I should call it fair play no matter how you played.

183. brave. Excellent.

185. What. Who.

186. eld'st. Longest.

188. mortal. Human, not a goddess.

189. by immortal Providence. Because some divine power has given her to me.

200. heaviness. Sorrow.

203. chalk'd forth. Marked out.

207-8. set it . . . pillars. Let it be engraven in gold letters on pillars of stone.

212. all of us, ourselves. All of us found ourselves.

214. still embrace his heart. Ever fill the heart of him.

218-9. Now, blasphemy . . . o'erboard. Now, you blasphemous fellow, who swear so much that you cause good people like ourselves to be shipwrecked.

223. **three glasses since.** Three hours ago. Three turns of the hour-glass.

we gave out split. We reported as wrecked on the rocks.

224. **yare.** Ready for sea.

226. **tricksy.** Clever.

227. **strengthen.** Increase in strangeness.

232. **several.** Distinct, separate.

234. **moe.** More, other.

238. **Capering to eye her.** Dancing with joy at seeing her.

240. **moping.** Listless, without spirit.

242. **as strange . . . trod.** These turns of fortune are as strange as ever befel any one.

244. **conduct of.** Conductor of; responsible for.

244-5. **some oracle . . . knowledge.** Some wise being must set these facts right for us, so that we may understand them.

246. **infest.** Vex.

beating. Thinking persistently.

247. **pick'd.** Well-chosen.

248-50. **single I'll resolve you . . . accidents.** I myself will give you an explanation which shall seem credible to you of these events that have taken place. The word *single* may, however relate to *you*. "I'll explain to you alone."

every. All.

accidents. What has befallen; happenings. The literal meaning of the word.

251. **think . . . well.** Do not think of these things as misfortunes.

255. **odd.** That you have not thought of.

256-7. **Every man . . . himself.** Is this what Stephano means?

257. **Coragio.** Courage.

259. **spies.** Eyes.

266. **a plain fish.** Plainly a fish.

267. **badges.** Distinguishing marks in their livery, showing to what household they belonged.

268. **true.** Honest.

271. **deal . . . power.** Exercise the powers of the moon even outside of (without) her dominions. Or the meaning may be, take the place of the moon without being given the right to do so.

273. **bastard.** Base-born.

279. **reeling ripe.** Drunk to the point of staggering.

279-80. **should they find.** Could they have found.

280. **gilded 'em.** Made them drunk. It is supposed by some Shakespearean scholars that there is a reference here to the elixir which the alchemists sought, gold in liquid form which would restore youth.

284. **not fear fly-blowing.** If the meat were pickled the flies would not touch it.

299. **bestow.** Stow away.

303. **waste.** Spend.

306. **accidents gone by.** Events that have taken place.

312. **Every third . . . grave.** I shall prepare myself, by contemplation, for death.

314. **Take the ear strangely.** Prove most interesting.

deliver. Relate.

315. **gales.** Breezes.

EPILOGUE

An epilogue is a speech addressed to the audience at the conclusion of the play, just as a prologue is a speech introducing the play. The epilogue to *The Tempest* is not equal to the play itself in poetic quality, and it is very doubtful whether it was written by Shakespeare.

4. **confined by you.** The speaker means to say that the audience holds him under a spell which will be broken if they applaud (ll. 10-12).

13. **want.** Lack.

14. **Spirits to enforce.** Spirits like Ariel to carry out his commands.

16. **by prayer.** Perhaps a reference to the prayer for the king, with which the performance was concluded.

17-8. Which pierces . . . faults. A prayer so earnest that it will awaken Mercy herself, who will forgive all the faults in the play.

20. your indulgence. Your favour expressed in your applause.

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Prospero says, "Now does my project gather to a head". What project?

(b) Ariel says it is "the sixth hour, at which time, my lord, you said our work should cease." What was Prospero's actual promise to Ariel? (See Act I, Scene I.)

2. (a) "The king, his brother, and yours, abide, all three, distracted". What was the purpose of Prospero in bringing this madness upon them?

(b) Prospero states that he intends to forgive those who have wronged him. What reason does he give for this?

3. (a) This rough magic I here abjure." Why does Prospero speak of it as "rough" magic?

(b) Why has he decided to abjure it?

4. *The Tempest* has been described by one critic as a play that is "all magic and music". On what occasions in the play, and for what purposes, is music introduced, aside from the songs?

5. There are several references in the course of the scene, to the fact that Ariel will "ere long be free". Why does the dramatist make so much of this promised freedom?

6. In what way is Antonio, the arch-conspirator, punished? Are you satisfied that he should escape so lightly? Give reasons.

7. "When Prospero opens his cell and reveals Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess, the situation is intensely dramatic."

(a) Prospero's conversation with Alonzo has helped to make the situation even more dramatic. How?

(b) What are the features of the scene which seem incredible to Alonzo?

(c) When Sebastian sees it, he exclaims, "A most high miracle!" What does he mean?

8. "In spite of the element of bitterness that enters into the plot, the play on the whole ends happily".

Why, in each case, are the audience gratified by (a) the promised nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda; (b) the decision of Prospero to retire to Milan and spend much time in meditation; (c) the freedom of Caliban, and of Ariel?

9. Caliban says of Stephano, "What a thrice-double ass was I, to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool!" What has led him to change his opinion of Stephano?

10. Point out any constructions in this scene which, according to modern usage, are ungrammatical.

STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE

The plays of Shakespeare were written to be acted, and they are much more effective when put upon the stage than when merely read in class. In some schools, where there is a large staff and a large number of students and a good auditorium, it is possible to stage a complete play; and even in the smaller schools individual scenes may be put on with very little outlay for costume or scenery.

The simplest form of dramatic production consists merely in reading or reciting single scenes from a play of Shakespeare before the class, without special costumes or scenery, during the lesson period; and an occasional period spent in this way is a pleasing variation from the routine of class work. But needless to say, before any attempt is made to act scenes from the play in this way, they must be studied in class. The teacher, in this case, assigns the parts beforehand; the pupils learn the speeches and study how they should be spoken, and one or two practices are held after school hours to make the acting run smoothly. Sometimes two casts are chosen for the same scene, and it is a matter of rivalry to see which group of actors can produce the scene more effectively.

In schools where the teacher and pupils decide to stage a play in whole or in part for public performance, some sort of dramatic organization is required. If there is a dramatic club in the school it will naturally take full charge of the production; but, if not, the teacher and class must take the first steps to arrange for the play.

The first thing to be done is to select the play, and if possible it should be one that has been studied in class. The dramatic production should be the outgrowth of class work, and the would-be actor must make a study of the characters, the development of the plot, the structure of the play and the purpose of each scene. He must have studied the play so thoroughly that he knows the exact meaning of every expression, and is able to interpret the feelings of the various speakers in the play.

In any dramatic organization, the most important person is the director or stage-manager of the play, who is usually also the "coach", who gives instruction to the actors. The director has full charge of the production of the play, the rehearsals, the scenery and stage effects, the costumes, etc., etc. He must, of course, be assisted by various committees, but he directs their work and his decisions are in all cases final. He should not only have some knowledge of how to stage a play, but should have certain indispensable personal qualities such as tact, good humour, executive ability and decision. It is desirable, for obvious reasons, that some member of the staff should be the director of the school play; but experience and knowledge of stage production is the first consideration. The director, of course, does not himself take part in the play.

Next to the director, or stage-manager, the most important member of the organization is the "prompter", who is usually assistant stage-manager. He must be thoroughly familiar with the play, and in addition to his general services, it is his duty to prompt the actors at rehearsals and on the night of the performance.

The manager is assisted by a committee of students, each with specific duties. Different students, or committees of students, are given charge of:—

- (a) The scenery, including the carpenter work and the curtain.
- (b) The lighting, and electrical devices.
- (c) The stage properties,—i.e. the furnishings and small articles—everything, in fact, except the costumes and scenery.
- (d) The costumes.
- (e) The music, including the orchestra.
- (f) The make-up.
- (g) The business details, advertising, printing, sale of tickets, ushers, etc.

It is necessary to guard against over-organization and over-lapping; and the director must use his discretion as to how many assistants are required.

In general, a play of Shakespeare is much too long for presentation on a modern stage, and even in single scenes certain parts may be cut out to advantage. The play must be studied carefully by the director, either with or without the class, in order to decide what scenes may be omitted and how the speeches may be shortened. As a result of this revision, an acting edition of the play is produced. It is better if possible, to give to each actor

a typewritten copy of his own part in the play, rather than have him rely on the text as a whole.

One of the first duties of the director is to choose a cast for the play, and in making the selection he may be assisted by a committee of two or three judges. At the "try-out," those who wish to take part in the play are required to read a scene, or part of a scene, which they have prepared. In assigning parts to different students, the judges must take into account (a) the voice,—its carrying power, tone, flexibility, etc. (b) ability of the actor to enter into the spirit of the play, to *feel* the part he acts, and (c) his physical suitability for the part. No student should accept a part in the play unless he can give an assurance that he will attend the rehearsals faithfully and punctually. There should be a definite understanding on this point before the cast is completed.

Usually at least twelve or fifteen rehearsals are required, that is about three a week for five or six weeks. The first two or three rehearsals are given over to blocking out the action. The actors read their parts, and the director gives instructions as to entrances, exits, movements, acting, and stage "business." At these rehearsals no attention is paid to the speaker's voice or expression, but the actors must become familiar with their positions and movements on the stage, and the same routine must be followed at subsequent rehearsals. After this preliminary work has been done, the play must be studied scene by scene and line by line for the purpose of securing the proper interpretation and expression. The first Act is rehearsed repeatedly before proceeding with the second. When the acting and the reading go hand in hand, the actors learn their lines with

little effort, and at the end of the first week, Act I should be letter-perfect. It is not always necessary to have the full cast present at the rehearsals, for single speeches and single scenes may sometimes be rehearsed to better advantage when only those immediately concerned are present. During the week immediately preceding the final performance, rehearsals are held every evening, and the "dress" rehearsals on the last two or three evenings should be held in the hall or theatre where the play is to be acted.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages, to give detailed instructions regarding staging and acting; but there are one or two general directions which it is well for the actors to keep in mind:

For those who are taking part in the play the all-important thing is that they should *feel* the parts that they are acting. The actor who loses himself in his part is scarcely conscious of his audience, and he has no temptation to declaim. He speaks naturally, usually in a conversational tone, and he gives free expression to his emotions. "Did you see Kean in Othello?" some one asked Kemble. "No," replied Kemble, "I did not see Mr. Kean. I saw Othello." The student who enters so completely into the play that he forgets himself in the part that he is acting is likely, on the whole, to prove a better actor than the student who merely recites his lines. His speech is less hurried; his acting is more natural; he does not make unnecessary movements, and he does not let his eyes wander from the stage to the audience. He must, however, always bear in mind that his speech must be heard by the audience. This necessitates clear enunciation and proper voice-control; and

the actor must always occupy a position on the stage that will enable the audience to hear him.

On the mechanical side, in staging a play it is safer for the amateur to err on the side of simplicity rather than make his production too elaborate. The scenery and the stage-furnishings should be of the simplest. Most of the text-books on dramatics give directions for making stage settings of plain and cheap materials. In modern play-production, footlights and spotlights are sparingly used, and the stage is lighted from the wings and from above. Most amateur producers are troubled as to "make-up"; but for most plays very little make-up is required,—only enough to prevent the face from appearing too pale. But for these and all other details relating to the staging of the play, the stage-manager may be relied upon, and there are many books on dramatics which may be consulted by the amateur.

The following are a few of the well-known books on the subject:

Shakespeare for Community Players by Roy Mitchell.
J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Practical Stage-Directing for Amateurs, by Emerson Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

How to Produce Amateur Plays, by Barrett H. Clark.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton.
Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants, by O. L. Hatcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Play Production for Amateurs, by F. H. Koch. University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin.



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